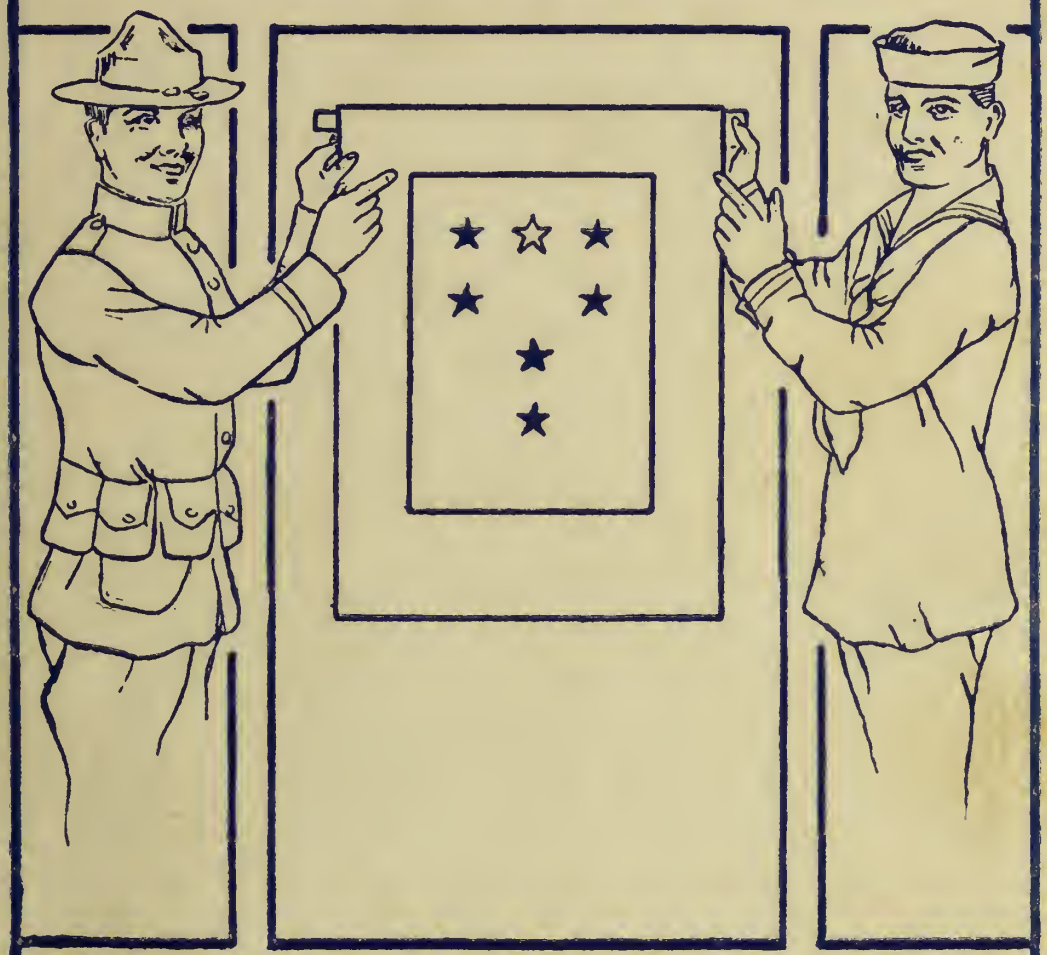
THE DEBATER



GRADUATION · NUMBER · 1918

WAKEFIELD · HIGH · SCHOOL

D.C.P. 1918.

Wakefield Trust Company

CAPITAL $200,000

SURPLUS $100,000

Invites the Accounts

of

Firms and Individuals

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent

$5 per year and upward

JUNIUS BEEBE, President

FRANK C. CARTER, Treasurer

LESTER CLARK LEWIS
Valedictorian

FREDERICK EVERETT WILKINS
Honor Part

EVANGELOS SOTERIADES
Salutatorian

OFFICERS OF W. H. S. BATTALION

Back row, left to right: 1st Lieuts. Walter Clements, Co. C; Allston Van Wagner, Co. B; Rollo Baker, Co. A: 2nd Lieuts. Roger Moore, Co. B; Edward A. Rich, Jr., Co. A; Bernard Esner, Co. C.

Front row, left to right: Capt Herbert E. Rea, Co. C; Capt. Cyrus M. Dolbeare, Co. A; Major F. Everett Wilkins; Capt. Robert M. Dean, Jr., Co. B; 1st Lieut. Clifton Davis, Adjutant.

THE W. H. S. DEBATER

Published by the Students of the Senior Class

WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL, WAKEFIELD, MASS.

JUNE, NINETEEN EIGHTEEN

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EDITORIALS

LESTER C. LEWIS, Editor-in-Chief

To the memory of men who held their own lives far less dear than the lives and well-being of others, this number is dedicated. Robert Gibbs we shall remember for his bright, cheerful life. We shall recall Harry Nelson as a fine, sincere youth; Alvin Gordon as a manly, sacrificial soldier, and William Cartland as a quiet, and kind young man. John A. Woods and Henry Nacella will be remembered as of fine types of American youth. All will be held in the highest esteem for they have layed down their all in noblest sacrifice. To home, to country, humanity, and God, they made the supreme gift of life.

Remember that the aims of all, and especially of educated men, must partake of the same spirit which causes men to strive and die for humanity.

It is natural that, as the time for graduation approaches, a senior should review his school life and attempt to form an opinion of what he has gained, what school has meant to him. And happy is he who can understand in some large degree, although necessarily in an imperfect way, the meaning of education. Happier still is he who finds in himself some proofs of progress made.

It is of the daily routine of study and recitation that he first thinks. These are the words in which a senior recently expressed his confidence: "I firmly believe that during my high school course, I have not knowingly neglected my studies nor was idle. So, in a way, I feel I have accomplished something." We feel that he has, for he pursued his studies with attention, interest, and vim. Lower classman, such a course of action is worthy of imitation. If you would win some lasting satisfaction from your high school course, seek it in the best possible performance of your task.

It is true that in doing so we attain other ends than those immediately in view. That senior who finds that he can be serious in his thoughts, can reason logically, and translate his decisions into action has indeed reached other goals. If he can add to these accomplishments, habits of study, order, obedience, and respect, he has travelled far along the pathway of true education. Powers of this kind are greater in value than a knowledge of a definite subject.

As a school is only preparatory to life, those things which are of the highest value in life are those which we should value most in school. If a senior has learned the value of a friend or the pleasure of service, has learned to see real good in all, if he has caught a real appreciation of nature, of literature, of art, of the poetry of life, he may truly be glad in his attainments. He may look forward with happy confidence to the future.

The members of the senior class are sincerely thankful to the teachers who have guided them through four years of study and for the interest, the sympathy, and the helpfulness which they have invariably shown.

For those teachers who have seen ability and stimulated our efforts to our best interest, we feel the respect and thankfulness of those who can only partially realize.

The gift for which we must at heart be most thankful is the strengthening of our characters. Its real value we cannot appreciate. It may have been the result of constant growth. It may have been produced by events whose meaning or justice we have not understood. Yet it is certain that there

has been a true gain. For it we are most heartily grateful.

To Mr. Howe and everyone who has taught members of the class we wish to express what we consider the actual feeling of the seniors, a real sense of gratitude.

In Life's great school, O you who read
Where its diverse long ways may lead,
Would you pursue true happiness?
Then seek these virtues to possess;
Steadfast endeavor, growing mind,
A wider love for all mankind.

Steadfast endeavor, which may bless
Each evening with the consciousness
Of some new knowledge really gained,
Of a real step in pow'r attained,
In pow'r to reason, choose your way,
And in rich deeds your choice portray.

In every word and act do *try*
To see as through the other's eye,
O'er all to feel as he must feel,
And sense for him a friendship real.
Then may you find in active love
The truest goal for which you strove.

These virtues hold in union firm,
In larger measure with each term
Of Life. To make your record true
Consider only what you do.
These lessons learned, you've found some ways
Which will enrich Life's longer days.

During our high school course we constantly think of the desirability and possibility of continuing our study in higher schools. And commonly wishes for self-development and ambitions for the attainment of some position in life impel us. We look upon a college education as a preparation in self-interest to a great extent. Today the call of humanity unites with and should, in the best sense, dominate those thoughts. Because humanity's cause has and always will have need of many trained men, the continuation of our training is an obligation to that high purpose.

It is not necessary to look far ahead to see a real need of trained men in furthering the ends of democracy. Granted that the war will continue for at least two years, there will arise a need of officers. Men are and will be available in great numbers. But with such a lengthening of the struggle, there will be a constant demand for men to assume positions of responsibility and command. For such positions, college men are especially fitted, and will be much needed. If we ask ourselves, "How can I serve most effectively?" we must continue our studies as long as possible.

Yet this reason pertains to fewer and in a smaller way than does a thought of later service. In order that we may return to normal conditions, trained men must reconstruct and renew. Not only must the damage in devastated districts be repaired, but the changes in industry, in life as a whole, must be gradually turned back into common pathways. Every such step must be taken with wisdom, retaining the best features of former methods and involving the new lessons of efficiency. The positions of men who will never return must be filled. The increased strain will necessitate more thoroughly trained men than are ordinarily graduated in the same period of time. A thought of duty to humanity in times of reconstruction must convince one that he should enter college or advanced school.

Were college men of the immediate future to consider that duty ended with a return to and continuation of normal conditions, war would in some ways have been in vain. Leaders of tomorrow must sense the meaning of forward movements and further them. They must make sure that the lessons of national unity and unity of nations in a common cause will not be forgotten. They must continue the renewed interest in humanitarian causes and foster the development of a wider human sympathy. In a large way this can only be done by men who have glimpsed in their higher education the true meaning of such principles and resolved to foster them.

In order that we may be in a real sense true to humanity and to self, it is the duty of every one of us as high school students, to continue our education if reasonably possible. It is constantly becoming so to larger numbers of us. Each must give careful thought to the question. When there is a duty and a will to perform it, as in this case, many may find the way to do so.

Some time ago, about forty of the seniors were asked to briefly summarize their opinions on the questions which follow:

If you were a lower classman, looking forward to one, two, or three more years of

high school life, is there any change you would make in your course of study or conduct? What, and why?

Do you intend to continue your education in any higher school? (The reasons for the choice were to be stated.)

The answers to the first question were (as would seem natural) largely affirmative. With a fuller realization of what education means and a deeper consciousness of mistakes made many regretted laxity in studies and conduct. Yet there was a general feeling of genuine accomplishment.

That many seniors are planning to continue their education was shown by the replies to the second question. Of the thirty-one of the college and general departments questioned, twenty-eight are so planning. Two of the seven commercial students answering are planning to enter commercial schools. Among the institutions where those of the college and general departments intend to study the most important were the schools of business administration, the normal and technical schools. The number of boys and girls who see in higher education a service to democracy gives cause for encouragement.

To have the satisfaction of four years well spent, and a true education begun, to possess a determination to seek more knowledge in order that all may be turned into the channel of service, is truly patriotic and admirable.

The great need of our men and, indeed, of the allied nations which boys and girls may aid in meeting is that of food. The work of production and conservation in which we are asked to assume a part is a very real, though small, contribution to the task of winning the war. As a conviction of that truth grows upon us, we shall find many constantly joining the ranks of those who are already doing so well.

Production must be increased in order to release a large and constant amount of food for the use of soldiers and suffering civilians. The cultivation of multitudes of small gardens is most helpful, but the boy who seeks to do real service in this line has his opportunity in work on a farm. Outside of service in the trenches and in military organizations there is no more active or true service than this. Great vision and determination are required to enter it, for it has almost none of the "glorious panoplies" of war. To the boy who, either under the organization of the U. S. Boys' Working Reserve, or acting upon his own initiative, works conscientiously at food production this summer, should be given credit and honor for a real service rendered.

In the other phase of the food problem, conservation, the girls have a large place. Their work in canning is an actual and necessary service, as is the farm work of the boys. Canning is far from being entirely a feminine duty, as is shown in an article elsewhere in this number. A hearty response on the part of both boys and girls to the pleas made for this service would be highly fitting and encouraging.

All who are engaged in farming or in canning this summer will be performing an important duty.

We were truly fortunate in seeing and hearing Mr. Howe's predecessor, Mr. Whitcomb, recently Not one seemed to bear the least ill-feeling toward him as he reminded us that he saved the old building several years ago. To judge by appearances, it might even be thought that we were grateful. Certain it is that we are most thankful for the facts, the thoughts, and the spirit which he communicated to us.

He brought us a message of thrift. But his object was not such alone. He accomplished far more. Experienced in speaking to high school students, he was able to arouse our truer and nobler feelings. Being constantly in touch with large numbers of people, he was able to give us a broader idea of public opinion. Realizing much more fully than we the significance of war, he led us to feel it in larger measure than we had previously. Serving in the best interests of our country, he communicated to us a desire to serve.

His statement had a truly great import, and will undoubtedly be fruitful, not alone in arousing us to cultivate thrift, but in leaving a much better idea of war's meaning and creating a much greater anxiety to serve.

We regret that Mr. Fulton is to leave Wakefield High School, for we believe that he has been exceptionally helpful to the commercial students, particularly, and the entire school. We are losing from among the teachers one who has taken a keen interest in all of us and one who has been very actively helpful in all school matters. We owe him much for his interest and aid

in athletics, in debating, in varied phases of school activity. Everyone with whom he has come in contact, has been attracted by his happy manner and his humor.

For Mr. Fulton, we will cherish a warm friendship for he has been one of the high school's best friends. That he may be most successful and happy in his new service is our deep desire. That he may some day return to our school is our earnest hope.

We extend to Mr. Raymond S. Dower, a hearty greeting and a promise that he will find here a real friendship and co-operation.

To Miss Doris Hillsgrove and to Walter Hillsgrove, the "Debater" wishes to express its sincere sympathy in their sorrow at the recent death of their mother.

The high school athletic association wishes to express its hearty appreciation of the kindness which the Y. M. C. A. has shown in opening the building to the teams and in allowing the use of the lockers.

For the co-operation which has made the publication of the "Debater" possible we are sincerely thankful. The student body has shown interest in the paper and supported it warmly. To the thorough, business-like efforts of the business managers and subscription editor should be given a large measure of credit for its success. The English department has always encouraged attempts to write for publication. In preparation of manuscripts the division and class editors and the pupils of the typewriting classes have been most helpful. To the work of Miss Hirst and the drawing classes, we owe the covers. The members of the Item staff have been most anxious to comply with the wishes of the editors. If the "Debater" has contributed to the best interests of the student body and attained some measure of success, it is due to this co-operation. Each one we wish to thank warmly.

In the Camp Library drive to collect books for the soldiers, the high school went "over the top" as usual. The boys and girls were asked to bring such books as they could spare from their libraries, including books of travel and adventures, fiction, poetry, and scientific books. In all, two hundred and ninety (290) books were collected.

The English department also raised forty-three dollars ($43) to be used for war work. Of this sum, ten dollars ($10) has been given to the Senior Red Cross work, five dollars ($5) to the Junior Red Cross, and the remaining twenty-eight dollars is to be used to buy books on mathematics for the soldiers for which there is a great demand.

A REPLY TO OUR CRITICS

A short time ago, the Senior Class was criticised a great deal, because of the inability of a division of the class to recognize the names and duties of men prominent in the affairs of the world. Some people became quite excited and stated that it was no more than could be expected from the High School. The newspaper criticisms were reasonable. The newspapers recognized the fact that even college students would not be able to answer correctly all the names that might be fired at them. It is very doubtful if the people who so severely criticized the class could have done as well themselves.

Let it be remembered that while the showing of the division wasn't the best that could be made, it was far from the worst.

JOHN W. HURLEY, '18

A REVEILLE

Our call is urgent, for the awful wrong
Is rampant in its dreadful might, and strong.
We must be bold, for right can never fail,
And evil doth in view of justice quail.

And so—amidst the roaring battle-shot—
We see our Country's sons, but mourn them not,
For better were our Nation's bravest dead
Than Freedom's flag be ground 'neath tyrant's tread.

These pulsing lines of men shall never swerve
Till they have won the triumph they deserve;
And when at last the flags of war are furled,
Democracy is safe throughout the world.

CHARLOTTE HASTINGS BOODY.

TO THOSE WHO SERVE

IN MEMORIAM

ROBERT GIBBS, U. S. N.

There's a star of gold on our service flag,
There's a lad who has gone from our ranks,
  There's a vacant chair
  And a hush in the air
As we offer him homage and thanks.

He went with the first of our boys
Who answered their country's call,
  They were staunch and ready,
  With true hearts and steady,
But he was the first to fall.

Let us not with vain words praise him
Who died in our country's cause,
For when that ship of war plunged down
Beneath the Atlantic wave,
  A boy in blue
  To his post was true,
And to Freedom his all he gave.

And so, when humanity calls for aid,
Be the sacrifice great or small,
Think of the price that he gladly paid,
And gallantly answer the call.

IDA M. LOWE, '19

Our most fervent wish is that we possessed the ability to describe in these few lines the feeling of sorrow which prevailed among the members of the Senior Class and the High School as a whole, when it was announced that "Bobby" Gibbs had passed out of this world. He was an exceptionally fine, manly young man, a credit to his family and to the entire town; and because of his quiet manner we miss him all the more. Although it is a year now since he left school to serve his country, we cannot forget his cheerful smile. That he was as popular on his ship as he was at home is shown in the letter written by his fellow wireless operator. To his parents and relatives we wish to extend our heartfelt sympathy in their great loss and the hope that they will find consolation in the fact that he died a hero and in the service of his country.

J. W. H.

For home, for country, democracy, humanity, and God, Corp. Harry E. Nelson, Priv. Alvin W. Gordon, Sergt. William H. Cartland, Priv. John A. Woods, and Priv. Henry Nacella, gave themselves to defend those living principles they held most precious.

After having calmly and bravely fought in battle, and there shown his commanding traits, Corp. Harry E. Nelson of Co. G, 104th Infantry, was mortally wounded on April 13th, in the defense of Apremont forest.

At a post of importance and unusual danger, Priv. Alvin W. Gordon of Co. A, 102nd Machine Gun Battalion, had his post when, in true service, he gave his life.

After having early sought and found a vital position in humanity's defense, Sergt. William H. Cartland of Battery B, 7th Field Artillery, U. S. A., gave on May 13th, his last and full measure of devotion in the sacrifice of his life.

Serving faithfully on the battlefront of democracy, Priv. John A. Woods was killed in action with Co. E, of the 101st Infantry,

on May 28th, his service for humanity the supreme sacrifice.

In self-sacrifice to humanity, Priv. Henry Nacella of the Quartermasters' Corps, U. S. A., on June first, suffered death during an air raid.

Fired by the same spirit, fighting, serving, just as have these, their comrades-in-arms, Private Roy E. Luken of Co. E, 102nd Infantry, Private Malcolm Eaton of Co. A, 102nd Machine Gun Battalion, and Private Edward M. Fay of Co. D, 102nd Infantry, have suffered from wounds in their service to the same high end.

The news of these sufferings and deaths has brought sorrow to many a relative and friend. Yet these sacrifices were made in the performance of the noblest services. To the men who so served, humanity owes a deep gratitude. For those soldiers of humanity, men will always have the deepest reverence. In the sorrow of friends we share. We would bring to them comfort in the thought that most noble were the services of those whom they love.

They gave none less than utmost aid
To causes where their lives were stayed.
God grant, they gave most fruitfully.

In recognition and appreciation of valor in action, Capt. Edward J. Connelly, Corp. Nathan W. Eaton, Jr., and Corp Harry E. Nelson, have been honored by their comrades-in-arms, the French, with the croix de guerre. All three were former students of Wakefield high school. The alumni and student body unite in honoring these brave men who have brought such distinction to themselves and the school in which they were trained.

No words could be more expressive of their courage than those of their citation:

EDWARD J. CONNELLY, Captain — "Showed finest qualities of calm courage and judgment in commanding Company G under fire, the 12th and 13th of April. In two attempts, operating with the French, he led his men in counter-attacks with great vigor and forced the enemy to retire into his own lines."

NATHAN W. EATON, Jr., Corporal — "Remarkable courage and ability in aid given to wounded and dead under violent bombardment during the battle of April 12."

HARRY NELSON, Corporal—"Remarkable coolness and courage in the command of his squad under violent fire,—was mortal ly wounded on April 13."

REMINISCENCES

Harry Nelson, although not a graduate was a member of this school for two years, in the class of 1915. He will be remembered as active in athletics, as a member of Co. A and of the Y. M. C. A. He was also a member of the Baptist church. Throughout his service in the national guard and as a member of the 104th Infantry, he has remained under the command of Capt. Connelly. As a sincere and active youth, his memory will be cherished. As the first Wakefield boy to give his life in battle during the present war, he will always be revered.

"Jack" Gordon graduated from our school in 1914. To his activity, we owe a large measure of the present interest in athletics. During his residence here, he was a member of the Episcopal church. After graduation, he found employment with a banking firm in Boston and New York. Leaving that employment, his home in Cambridge, and his friends, he enlisted early in the war in Co. A of the 102nd Machine Gun Battalion. At his machine gun ended a fine, active life in supreme sacrifice.

"Will" Cartland attended Wakefield High School for two years, in the class of 1914. Then followed three years of study in the Huntington School. He had always been a member of the Y. M. C. A., both in Wakefield and in New York, where he had employment after leaving Huntington, and of the Wakefield Congregational church. Upon the day that war was declared, he became a member of Battery B, of the 7th Field Artillery, with which organization he served in France. His manner was quiet, kind, and earnest. His life was his sacrifice to what he held most dear.

Capt. Connelly has a very warm place in the hearts of Wakefield people and particularly the hearts of W. H. S. alumni and students. He is a graduate of our school whose deeds as a soldier and as a man have aroused greatest admiration. Following

his long service in the Spanish war and in the national guard, his deeds as a commander have been of highest worth. The recognition of his fine qualities in his decoration has been most appropriate. His courage, his judgment, his faith, as revealed in a recent letter describing his experiences, are the virtues of a true soldier and man.

John Arthur Woods spent three years in study here. While in Wakefield, he was a member of the Baptist church and of the Y. M. C. A. He made his residence in Medford at the time of his enlistment in Co. E of the 101st Infantry. His was a fine youth given in sacrifice to the best ideals.

Roy Luken and "Pete" Eaton will be well remembered by a large number, for they graduated only a short time ago. Doubtless, they gave their utmost service in battle. Highest honor is due them.

Henry Nacella was for one year a member of the class of 1918. He was a member of St. Joseph's church. Leaving home and friends, he enlisted in the Quartermasters' Corps in August of 1917. His friends knew him as a boy of fine character, sturdy, kind, and honorable. In the faithful performance of his duty, he gave his life as a true American.

AMERICA'S PART

We have been silent in past days,
In life's calm, tranquil, peaceful ways—
But now embattled Freedom prays:
"Give us more men."

She pleads with us to stand in file,
To meet the awful test, the while
We throw our shoulders back —and smile
And send our men.

For we must fill the ranks of those
Who for humanity arose
And stood against our Nation's foes,
By sending men.

Until at length, o'er battle strife,
Tortured with pain and anguish rife,
We save our glorious Nation's life,
We—and our men.

CHARLOTTE HASTINGS BOODY.

WHICH IS THE PATRIOT?

Tommy was busy hoeing in his garden when he suddenly heard a voice behind him. He looked up to find Johnny, his next door neighbor, standing leisurely with his hands in his pockets. "Where are you goin', Johnny?" he asked.

"Ain't goin', been," was the reply.

"Where been?"

"Down to th' bank," replied Johnny with a proud toss of his head, "took my fifty dollars out an' bought a Liberty Bond."

Tommy was silent, then finally Johnny asked, "You got one?"

"No."

"Thought *you* had fifty dollars in the bank, too."

"Have."

"Goin' to buy one with it?"

"No."

"What *are* yer goin' to do with it? I sh'd think you'd want to help yer country, my dad says Uncle Sam's gotta have money's well as men."

No answer.

After Johnny had watched the hoeing for some time in silence, he strolled away with a nonchalant air, whistling "Yankee Doodle."

Skip a few weeks and we see the two neighbors again. This time both are going fishing, for Tommy's work is done and the little bank at home on the shelf holds just fifty dollars.

"Tommy, d'y' see those posters over there? There's another Liberty Loan out. I sh'd think you'd want t' buy a Bond."

"Goin' to."

Johnny loved to tantalize his neighbor and he did not expect this reply. He was quite taken back, but finally he managed to say:

"Did yer change yer mind?"

"No," answered Tommy, and then explained what the purpose of all his labor had been and how he had earned enough money from it to buy a Liberty Bond.

A short time after Tommy arrived at the bank and the teller asked in a pleasant voice:

"Hello, Tommy, do you want *your* fifty dollars for a Liberty Bond?"

"No," replied Tommy, handing over his money," I have earned this for my bond, and am going to keep the other for college."

"Shake, old chap," said the teller. "If all the bond buyers would do that, we would 'can the Kaiser' all right!"

W. H. S. HONOR ROLL

Norman C. Mansur,
Interpreter,
Regular Army.

Sergt. Jas. G. Brown,
Co. A, 104th U. S. Inf.,
26th Div., 52nd Brigade.
care of N. Y. P. O. Am. Ex. Forces

Corp. J. Mortimer Butler,
Hdqtrs. Co., 101st U. S. Inf.,
care of N. Y. P. O. Am. Ex. Forces

Isa W. Jacobs, U. S. N.,
Naval Aviation Station,
Brest, France.

Priv. Roy Luken, (wounded)
E Co., 102nd U. S. Inf.,
care of N. Y. P. O. Am. Ex. Forces

Priv. Dudley Sargent,
Hdqtrs. Co., 101st U. S. Inf.,
care of N. Y. P. O. Am. Ex. Forces

Robert Gibbs, U. S. N., (Deceased).

Below are the names of the Alumni of the Wakefield High School who resided in Wakefield at the time of their enlistments in the Army or Navy, up to May 15, 1918.

Capt. Richard G. Eaton	1886	U. S. Medical Res. Corps, Rockford, Ill.
Joseph L. Gooch, Jr.	1902	Maj. on Staff of Surgeon General Gorgas, (Sanitary Corps, N. A.)
Lieut. Edgar B. Hawkes	1902	Hdqtrs. Train, France
Dr. Geo. E. Potter (Dentist)	1902	Am. Base Hospital, France
Alex W. Urquhart	1902	Trans. Clk., U. S. Navy, League Island Navy Yard (Philadelphia, Pa.)
Lieut. Jeremiah E. Creedon	1904	21st Co. Depot Brigade, Camp Devens, Ayer
Lieut. Albert C. Thomas	1904	306th Heavy Artillery, France
Corp. Nathan W. Eaton, Jr.	1905	Co. G, 104th U. S. Inf., France
Lieut. Edward O. Proctor	1905	Hdqtrs. Co., 55th Heavy Artillery, France
Corp. Charles F. Young	1905	Battery B, 301st Field Artillery, Camp Devens, Ayer
Chester Cate	1906	U. S. A. Base Hospital, No. 1, France
Sergt. Daniel Coakley	1906	Ordnance Dept., Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.
Lieut. Edward J. Donovan	1906	Dental Reserve Corps
Reuben N. Perley (Asst. Adjt. Gen.)	1906	Philippine Nat'l Guard, Manila
Walter A. Phelps, (Sig. Elec.)	1906	U. S. Signal Corps, City College, N. Y.
Leroy Townley, Clerk	1906	601st Engineers, Camp Meade, Md.
Charles Jordan	1907	Camp Meade, Md.
Capt. Frederick A. Simonds	1907	Royal Army Medical Corps, France
Harold G. Watkins	1908	14th Railway Engineers, France
Ensign William W. Grace	1909	U. S. Navy, on U. S. S. Denver
Lieut. Fred M. Hartshorne	1909	U. S. Engineers, Am. Ex. Forces, France
Lieut. Arthur E. Howlett	1909	Sanitary Corps, Philadelphia, Pa.
Sergt. Walter L. Jones	1909	101st Sanitary Train, France
Pvt. Hugh M. Kelso	1909	Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla.
Frank E. Morrison	1909	Officers' Reserve Corps, U. S. Signal Corps
Leo E. Bourdon	1910	U. S. School of Aeronautic Photography, Rochester, N. Y.
Roland E. Burditt (1st Elec.)	1910	U. S. Naval Radio School, Cambridge
Walter C. Hickey	1910	Dartmouth College

Daniel D. Ferris	1910	Nat'l Army Chemical Plant No. 4, Saltville, Va.
Pvt. George J. McCullough	1910	U. S. Ordnance Dept.
Lieut. Stanley P. Oliver	1910	Dental Section, Officers' Res. Corps
Sup. Sergt. Irvin R. Phipps	1910	22d Cl. Coast Defense Corps
Elden Ivan Staples	1910	U. S. Naval Reserves, Newport, R. I.
Lieut. Paul H. Taylor	1910	U. S. Engineers' Corps, Gen. Pershing's Hdqtrs.
1st. Cl. Pvt. Walda W. Bears	1911	368th Aero Squad., Hampton, Va.
Pvt. Paul B. Eaton	1911	Gas Defense Service, Sanitary Corps, Philadelphia, Pa.
Roscoe M. Guillow	1911	Qm. Dept., Naval Aviation
James M. Burke	1911	C. Q. M. Naval Aviation Dept.
Frank H. Horrigan (Seaman)	1911	Naval Reserves
Sergt. Ervine Laughton	1911	101st Ambulance Train, 26th Div., France
Pvt. Leroy J. Learned	1911	Base Hospital, No. 1, France
Pvt. William T. McGlory	1911	Co. B, 102nd Machine Gun Battalion, France
Alfred E. Wilkins	1911	U. S. Aeronautical Reserves, Waco, Texas
John A. Avery	1912	U. S. Naval Reserves
Paul Cartwright	1912	Cadet Aviation Sig. Res., Dallas, Texas
Lawrence R. Harris (1st Cl. Pvt.)	1912	Motorcycle Co., 305th Q. M., Corps, France
Pvt. C. Wesson Hawes	1912	Co. M, 23rd Regt. Engineers, France
Russell B. Perkins	1912	Radio Operator, U. S. S. Maine
Sergt. Thomas L. Thistle	1912	Battery B, 301st Field Artillery, Camp Devens Ayer
Lieut. Walter J. Wolfe	1912	Coast Artillery Corps, Fort Monroe, Va.
Pvt. James Wilkinson, Jr.	1912	Co. B, 101st Military M't'd Police, France
Sergt. Maj. Earle L. Bears	1913	368th Aero Squadron
Alfred E. Collinson	1913	Am. Red Cross Ambulance Corps, Italy
Lieut. Robert E. Holmes	1913	101st Inf., France
Lieut. Robert E. Jackson	1913	Camp Merritt, N. J.
Lieut. G. W. Killorin, Jr.	1913	Houston, Texas
Fred C. McKie	1913	Camp Johnston, Fla.
Lorimer A. MacKenzie	1913	Yeoman, Harvard Radio School
Lieut. E. Hazen Walton	1913	303d Inf., Nat'l Army, Camp Devens
Carroll T. Bonney	1914	Midshipman, U. S. Naval Academy
Sergt. Charles E. Creedon	1914	Hdqtrs. Co., 1st Anti-Aircraft Machine Gun Battalion, France
Lieut. Manson M. Dillaway	1914	Gerstner Field, Lake Charles, Fla.
Pvt. C. Roy Friberg	1914	14th Engineers, Regimental Co., France
Alvin W. Gordon	1914	Deceased
Cook Robert P. Phipps	1914	103rd Field Artillery, France
Sergt. G. Leo Sullivan	1914	Supply Dept., 101st Inf., France
Sergt. Earle R. Stewart	1914	Co. F, First Engineers, France
Frank A. Tredinnick	1914	Co. B, 101st Engineers, France
Clarence A. Thompson	1914	Co. A, 4th Pioneer Inf., Camp Wadsworth. Spartanburg, S. C.
Pvt. Ralph Belmore	1915	Truck Co., No. 411, Q. M. Corps, Camp Johnston, Jacksonville, Fla.
Corp. Gray B. Brockbank	1915	Co. A, 104th U. S. Inf., France
George W. Butterfield	1915	Chief Radio Elec., U. S. Navy, Boston Navy Yard
George L. Dillaway	1915	West Point Military Academy
Daniel H. Galvin	1915	Co. A, 4th Pioneer Inf., Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C.
Philip L. McAuliffe	1915	Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps
Fred G. Reid	1915	Naval Hospital Corps, Newport, R. I.

Sergt. Clifford Sawyer	1915	Med. Dept., U. S. A., Camp Stewart, Newport News, Va.
Edward A. Sexton	1915	Troop C, Mass. Cavalry, France
Pvt. Millard W. Thresher	1915	305th Motorcycle Co., Am. Corps, France
Pvt. Alec. Williams	1915	Co. B, 101st Engineers, France
Pvt. Elliot Zwicker	1915	Co. A, 102nd Machine Gun Battalion, France
Pvt. Malcolm Eaton	1916	Co. A, 102nd Machine Gun Battalion, France
William Wanamaker	1916	West Point Military Academy
Frank Glynn (1st Cl. Seaman)	1917	U. S. S. Shark
Pvt. Roy E. Luken	1917	5th Co., 101st Sup. Train, 26th Div., France
Pvt. G. Dudley Sargent	1917	Hdqtrs. Co., 101st U. S. Inf., France

J. GERSINOVITCH, '18

JUNIOR RED CROSS

At last Wakefield High School has begun work for the Junior Red Cross. We are, perhaps, somewhat late in this matter, but the facilities for Red Cross work are not numerous here, and many pupils are members of the Junior League of the Special Aid Society.

Room 12 was the first room to attain 100% membership, room 5 second, and room 13 third. Of 461 pupils in the school, 8 rooms had attained 100% membership at the end of April. The first week one hundred and five dollars were paid in membership fees.

Already much work has been done. Twenty-four refugee garments have been begun and some are finished. The members have brought in squares for afghans, cardboard squares, eye bandages, pin cushions, gun wipers, eye wipers, and scrap books.

The school is divided into divisions with a teacher in charge of each division. These teachers plan and give out work to their own division. The finished work is sent to Miss Gilmore, in charge of the work in the High school.

There is *some* work for each one to do, so let each do his part.

BERTHA BROWN, '18

THE COMMUNITY KITCHEN

During this great conflict, in which food plays such an important part, gardens must not only be planted, but their products preserved. A few fruits and vegetables can be kept in the cellar during the winter, but those that spoil easily must undergo a process of preservation.

Wakefield, like several other towns and cities, is about to establish a "community kitchen," where girls of the seventh and eighth grades, together with the high school girls may be taught canning during the summer months. The kitchen of the Wakefield estate is being equipped for this purpose. The classes will begin on July first, and each class will be given half a day a week until the opening of school in September. The frequency of the meetings will depend upon the number of girls who enroll. Two able instructors will superintend each class. The girls may can either the products of their own gardens or products provided by the officials at the canning center. If they do the latter, they will be given for each half day's work, the facilities for canning three jars. For all jars over three they will be charged at the rate of five cents a jar in order to cover expenses. The pupils may provide their own jars, but will be obliged to buy rings from the center.

It is felt that the girls who enroll should enter into the spirit of the movement just as the boys who enlist in the army enter into the spirit of war. They are, therefore, expected to attend every meeting.

This is a splendid oportunity for girls to serve their country, and at the same time gain a knowledge of something that will be useful to them during their whole lives.

SARAH BURWEN, '18

Little Tommy Tucker
Sings for his supper.
What shall he eat?
White bread and butter!

White bread and butter!
Oh, no, no!
If he can find no substitute
Hungry he must go.

SELMA ROACH, '20

AN EXPERIMENT IN CANNING

While weeding a strawberry bed last summer, "Jack" Dinan and I decided to do a little canning as an experiment. After having received permission to use the log-cabin on the Winship estate, which is sheltered from prying eyes by a grove of pine trees, we secured a wash boiler and numerous pans from the cook. We then secured all the glass jars possible and transported our material to the cabin.

Directly after supper we started our first venture in canning. Having decided to adopt the cold-pack method, (which we considered the best and the simplest) we secured government pamphlets and directions in order to inform ourselves on the matter. We knew exactly how to go about our first trial. By dividing up the work, we could work much better and accomplish much more. "Jack" secured the vegetables, washed and cleaned them, while I secured water with which to blanch them, or washed the glass jars.

We started in on the wax butter beans. After washing and cutting them in the required length, they were placed in cloth bags, and then blanched the required length of time. The mason jars were then filled, salt and water added, and with the covers screwed on loosely, were placed in the boiler of water to be cooked. After an hour or so had elapsed, the jars were taken out and the covers screwed on tightly. By working until after midnight, we managed to can about 25 quarts of beans.

During the next week, by beginning directly after our work on the estate was over and working until one or even two o'clock in the morning, we managed to can about 150 quarts of beans, corn, and other vegetables, plums, peaches, and a few berries.

Urged on by this success, we made many jars of grape, currant, and apple jelly, all of which were well preserved.

We were indeed fortunate in having such a place to do our canning. The cabin is divided into two rooms. The main room contains a large stone fireplace, a table, several chairs, and a bed. The walls of the cabin are of beaver board painted red, and the ceiling of cream color. Over two windows and in the centre of the ceiling hang electric chandeliers. The back room where we did our canning contains a fine stove, just suited to our needs. We also cooked our meals here instead of going home.

Our only mistake in the canning occurred one night when the boiler, containing 12 quarts of beets, was put on the cabin stove at eleven forty-five. Since I was very tired, I decided to go to bed at once. Jack said he was going to read awhile and that he would take care of the vegetables at 2 o'clock —the time required to boil them being about 2 1-2 hours. About 4 o'clock in the morning, I awoke and heard something boiling. Quickly jumping out of bed, I investigated and found the boiler still on the stove, while Jack, the "faithful" watcher, was fast asleep at the other end of the bed, still dressed and with a book in his hand. He had fallen asleep while reading. The lights were still burning and the beets were boiled almost white.

The cold pack method of canning has become so popular that canning has ceased to be a drudgery. Cold pack means raw pack. The food is put into the jars when only partially cooked, instead of being sterilized in a kettle over the direct fire. It is then transferred to the jars and sealed.

There are about six steps to the cold-pack method—cleaning, blanching, cold dipping, packing in the jars, sterilizing, and the final sealing of the jars.

Wakefield is indeed fortunate in having a community canning center, for now the vegetables may be brought there and canned. Moreover, the women and girls can help and so learn this method of canning. This year of all years, everyone should can as many vegetables and as much fruit as possible.

J. Wm. Burke, '18

BUY THRIFT STAMPS!

Buy some stamps and show your thrift,
Give your Uncle Sam a lift.
Just a quarter, 'tisn't much
When the cause you serve is such.
Don't put off until tomorrow,
Even if the cash you borrow.
If at first you find it hard,
Very soon you'll fill your card,
Then in dollars, you'll have four,
Which in time will bring one more,
For in nineteen twenty-three
It will all come back, you see!

Margaret Howland, '20

WHY BUY LIBERTY BONDS?

Two of the most important factors in carrying on a great war like the present one, are men and money.

The men, the flower of our nation, have gladly offered their lives for the service of their country, and for the maintenance of the sacred principles of democracy. They have offered up their all, their business positions, their loved ones, and if need be, even their very lives. This is the supreme sacrifice!

We, at home, in comparison with the "boys over there", take life easy. They fight in the mud of the trenches, sleep in the muck of the dug-outs amid all kinds of vermin, endure the stench of the battle-field, often living on the poorest of rations, and being shot down by thousands of hostile bullets.

We speak of the "hard times," of the "high cost of living." So it is, but how small and cheap a sacrifice we make, in comparison with "our boys, over there." We let them do all of the fighting for us, and let them endure all of the real, bitter hardships.

Why not look at the situation, as seriously as we should if invading armies landed on our shores. There would be terror-stricken refugees, fleeing westward from all parts of the invaded territory. As the troops marched inland, our dwellings would be looted, and burned to the ground. As soon as they had their clutch on the nation, they would not let go! They would place a German officer or magistrate in every individual town and city! Their troops would be quartered and maintained at our expense!

To emphasize the barbarous methods used by the Germans, I will quote a passage taken from a diary of a captured German.

This is true.

"In the night of August 18-19, the village of Saint-Maurice was punished for having fired on German soldiers by being burnt to the ground by the German troops (two regiments, the 12th Landwehr and the 17th). The village was surrounded, men posted about a yard from one another, so that no one could get out. Then the Uhlans set fire to it, house by house. Neither man, woman, nor child could escape; only the greater part of the live stock was carried off, as that could be used. Anyone who ventured to come out, was shot down. All the inhabitants left in the village were burnt with the houses." (From the diary of Private Karl Scheufele, of the Third Bavarian Regiment of Landwehr Infantry.)

Therefore, should we not, as loyal, patriotic Americans gladly lend our money to our government? Should we not buy as many Thrift Stamps, Liberty Bonds, and War Savings Certificates, as we possibly can, even if we do have to sacrifice a little? It is a vital question!! Vital to all of us!! Are we going to allow Prussianism to choke, strangle, and literally trample the life out of everything that is noble, good, pure, and righteous; or are we going to fight the Hun, till the last ounce of our strength is spent, and the last drop of our blood is spilled?

FREDERIC B. SNYDER, '20

To buy or not to buy: that is the question;
Whether it is less patriotic on the whole
To invest your gold in Liberty Bonds,
Than to take up arms against Autocracy,
And by opposing, end it.
To buy—to invest,— and thus by buying
To say we do our part to end
The heartaches, the miseries
Of this unrighteous warfare.

MIRIAM E. CROSBY, '18

WILL IT HAPPEN HERE? NO!

A group of wounded officers were sitting together in a Canadian hospital. Some of them had been hurt accidentally, some wounded in battles overseas. They were talking of their experiences and the horrors of war. They told how the soldiers had no way of changing their dripping clothes, of the terrible vermin, how the men were forced to shave in their daily ration of tea, and how they sometimes found a little rain water in a shell crater, with which they washed their muddy faces and hands.

One man told of the racks in the trenches, where the men occasionally had a chance to sleep. These racks were narrow boards, about one half inch apart, one board allotted to a man. Some of the restless chaps "fell overboard," down into the mud, and their clothes had to dry on them.

Another officer, a Belgian, and a mere boy, stepped forward and said, "My mother and father were murdered. My little brother's right hand was cut off, so that he could never use a rifle. They held me and forced me to watch these cruelties, but I have escaped."

A quiet, sad man then spoke, "Would you

care to see a picture I have seen?"

The others having answered in the affirmative, he showed them a snapshot. They stared, horrified, at a young corporal on a barn door. His feet and hands were flung apart and through each was a bayonet. A rifle shot had torn through his breast; and they could see that when the picture was taken, the boy was not dead.

"Do any of you know him?" asked their comrade. "I am trying to locate his people." But they didn't.

Was he an American? We do not know, but it is possible! What if he were? The Huns are committing crimes like this every day.

Will *you* allow those fiends to come over here to kill *your* fathers and mothers, and mutilate *your* little brothers? Shall *our* boys suffer needless discomforts, while *we* are idle?

In the agony of your sympathetic souls you cry out, What can *we* do? What can *I* do?"

This is the crisis of the world! Do the High School boys and girls know what "crisis" means? Wake up! Help end the war! It is merely a question of time before we win —so let us stop this slaughter now.

Do this: take one or all of these opportunities and prevent autocracy from ruling the world.

Give your all—the soldiers give even more.

Buy thrift stamps—the loss of the moving pictures is nothing.

Buy war savings stamps—and put another clip of bullets Hunward.

Buy a bond—there never was a safer investment.

Work for and give to the Red Cross—you may bring a dying soldier safely home again.

DOROTHY WINTER, '20

SIGNS OF SPRING

The spring of nineteen eighteen has more significant signs than those of other years. Wherever you go, you may see them.

As one walks to school, he may see such signs as "Do you bit: buy war savings stamps," "Raise war gardens," "Save wheat and win the war." On arriving at school, he sees posters and signs in the different class rooms, "Join United States Boys' Working Reserve," "Have eggs when eggs are scarce: raise hens," "Save and send to our allies." If one goes into the Postoffice, Bank, and Government Buildings, he sees bright colored posters facing him. "Don't be a miser and help the Kaiser," "Buy Liberty Bonds to escape German bonds," and "Buy to win 'over there'." Then, as we pick up our own Daily Item, we are faced with signs such as, "Raise Pigs," and Start your garden early."

These signs of spring that will help Uncle Sam next summer are seen everywhere. No slacker can help seeing them, and no true American boy or girl can help obeying those signs that are in his or her power to obey. Let us do our utmost and help the United States win for democracy and peace.

EMILY BOODY, '20

BUY A BOND

Oh, hear, all you lenders!
Oh, hear, all you spenders!
Come buy a bond!
They'll help our soldiers fight
To win the cause of right.
They work with all their might.
You buy a bond.

Every bond does its bit
To keep our soldiers fit.
Come buy a bond!
They'll give you many thanks,
They're sold at all the banks.
If you can't join the ranks,
Then buy a bond!

OLIVE CARTLAND, '21

Boys and girls, and grown folks, too,
Uncle Sam needs all of you.
Yes, there's something we can do.

Tons of wheat must go across,
Helping to replace their loss;
Right away, there's no delay!
If we're to save, begin today.
Fight steadily the demon waste;
Thrift defeats, so let's make haste.

Saving serves old Glory well,
'Tis thus we ring the Kaiser's knell
And save our country from his power.
Might joined with Right shall never cower,
Please help our nation win this war,
And see democracy is the law.

D. H. PRESCOTT, '19

WAR BOOKS

The incidents of the great war have been so unusual and so important that a great many books have been written about them. The young students would do well to read some of these war books which, while giving much information on the war, are really very interesting.

In the first place, one should have a good idea of the general history of the war. A book giving much interesting information is "America and the Great War for Freedom and Humanity," by W. F. Johnson. This book tells of some of the causes of this War, relates briefly the history of its first three years, and outlines the part America is playing and must play in it.

Many war-correspondents have written on the events of this war and their books are worthy of attention. One of these is "From Antwerp to Gallipoli," by Arthur Ruhl. He describes what he saw on the different war fronts that he visited and he visited most of them. He was in Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, and Russia during the first two years of the war, and he also witnessed the Gallipoli campaign from both the British and the Turkish sides.

"Italy at War," by E. Alexander Powell is another interesting story of a non-combatant. The author saw different parts of the front where the valiant Italians are fighting at great odds on the snow-clad Alps, and he describes vividly what he saw.

Richard Harding Davis also visited the war fronts, going to Belgium at the very beginning of the war. He tells of the sights that he saw in Belgium and France in his book, "With the Allies." Because of his eagerness to see as much as possible of the fighting, he stayed behind the German lines in Belgium. He was suspected by the Germans of being a spy and he was all but condemned to death. This true adventure of his renders the book more interesting reading than most boys' books of adventure. He continues his account of the scenes on the western battlefront and goes on to describe the Anglo-French expedition in Salonika in "With the French in France and Salonika."

About the actual conditions in Germany, we are told in Ambassador Gerard's famous books, "My Four Years in Germany" and "Face to Face with Kaiserism." "Inside the German Empire," by H. B. Swope, also describes the position of Germany at the end of 1916. This book is important, as it tells the attitude of the German people toward the war after more than two years of fighting.

But however important or interesting the stories of civilians and non-combatants may be, the tales that appeal to us most are the personal narratives of the boys who have fought at the posts of danger for the sake of humanity.

"Over the Top," by Harry G. Empey, is now so well known, that it needs little explanation. It is the frank story of an American who enlisted in the English Army in 1915 and went "over the top" and was wounded in action.

"Kitchener's Mob," by J. N. Hall, is also an account of an American who joined the British army and fought side by side with Tommy Atkins until he is wounded.

The valiant work of the American Ambulance drivers is described in "At the front in a flivver," by W. Y. Stevenson, who drove the famous "Ambulance No. 10" in 1916.

Another American, C. D. Winslow, in his book, "With the French Flying Corps," describes the part played by the flyers in the fighting in France.

The gallant fighting on the Hills of the Gallipoli peninsula by the Dominion troops, the New Foundlanders, and the "Anzacs" is related in "Trenching at Gallipoli," by John Gallishaw. He tells of the desperate holding on of these soldiers, and he describes the wonderful care given to the wounded men on their way to England.

"The First 100,000," by Ian Hay, is a true account of the doings of some Scotch kilties in Kitchener's first forces. The author, who wrote several books before the war, relates in his clever and humorous style, the adventures of his own battalion in training, in France, and lastly, in the attack at Loos in September, 1915. He continues the adventures of these sturdy Scots in "All In It," and he goes on to describe the campaign in the summer of 1916 ending with the battle of the Somme. These two books are very popular and justly so, for they portray the humorous and optimistic side of of the Great War.

This war has brought out much hidden literary talent where it was least expected, in the plain soldier. The war books have, therefore, an added interest, as many of them are written by men who never wrote

before, but who have succeeded admirably in their first effort. This is one good result of the Great War.

EVANGELOS SOTERIADES, '18

A SERVICE FLAG

A Service Flag— I wonder how often many of us realize the meaning the one when we see it waving in the breeze. Surely a person shows the greatest of love for country, liberty, and justice, when he is willing to sacrifice all, give his life, if necessary, that they may exist forever. Perhaps, even while we look at that star of blue, its brave owner, "somewhere in France," is facing the foe and the unknown, to save his country, more precious to him than anything else. So why should not every home possessing a "service" flag have a feeling of great pride for the one who went away, for whom this emblem stands, and who we all hope will soon return safely home?

MARION MCKIE, '20

OUR NEW FLAG

The Annual Convention of the Massachusetts Department of the Women's Relief Corps was held April 10, 1918, in the Shawmut Avenue church, Boston, Mass. One of the objects of the organization is the promotion of patriotism in the United States, and the purpose is promoted by the presentation of flags to schools. Thus it came about that Wakefield High School, one of five fortunate institutions, received upon this occasion the beautiful new silk banner which is now proudly displayed on the platform in Room 1, and to which we earnestly pledge our allegiance every Tuesday.

Mr. Howe represented our school and received the flag, responding with very appropriate remarks, in which he made a touching reference to our service flag "with its blue stars and its one gold star."

That Wakefield High School should receive one of these flags was made possible only through the efforts of Mrs. C. Della Giles, of this town, and, the school, by a unanimous vote, empowered Mr. Howe to appoint a committee to write a letter to her in which we might express our sincere thanks.

The Committee consisted of Herbert Rea, Chairman, Charlotte Boody, and Jennie Gersinovitch.

F. EVERETT WILKINS, '18

A RUNAWAY BOY

In Italy, as soon as a boy reaches the age of eight or nine years, he is expected to do some sort of work to earn his board, at least. My father was one of those hard-working boys. He had always yearned for an education, but his father turned a deaf ear to his pleadings. One day father and several other boys plotted to run away. A man, an unprincipled fellow who overheard their plotting, promised to take them with him, and if they worked hard enough, to give them an education. He took them to a neighboring town, which, I believe, is named Solmone. When they got there, they were forced to work hard. No education was given them; but they had three meals a day, which they hardly ever got at home. The meals consisted of corn meal mush. Father remembers that he once ate it from an old wooden door. After a few days, his father found out where he was and persuaded him to go home. But first father made grandpa promise to give him a new suit and a regular weekly allowance of spending money. So he profited in some respects by his escapade, although he never received the longed-for education.

ADALGISA ORSINI, '20

THE W. H. S. OFFICERS' PARTY

The officers' party was held in the town hall on December 8, 1917, under the auspices of the High School Battalion.

There was a short introduction to the matrons, Mrs. F. I. Wilkins, Mrs. H. M. Dolbeare, and Mrs. R. M. Dean, which commenced at 8 o'clock. Following this was the grand march, led by Major F. Everett Wilkins and Miss Dorothy Baker, in which a large number of young people participated.

Poole's orchestra furnished the music, and dancing was enjoyed until midnight. Two moon-light waltzes, and an elimination dance were special features, adding greatly to the evening's enjoyment.

Major F. Everett Wilkins was floor director and had as his aids, the remaining commissioned officers.

BATTALION NOTES

Since the last issue of the "Debater" went to press the season of 1917-1918 in the history of the Wakefield High School Battalion has come and gone with its routinous drills, its ever-new experiences, its failures, and, we trust, its successes. I say the season has gone, but we, the officers, sincerely hope that it may be remembered with nothing but the pleasantest of memories by all. The fine spirit and interest with which the cadets co-operated with their officers certainly showed its results in the prize drill, which was held May 24. The drills were so closely contested that the judges even had difficulty in picking the winners. The junior drillers, especially, were considered the best matched squad the school has ever had.

The tri-color offered to the winning company, was awarded to Co. B, The medals for officers and non-commissioned officers of the winning company accordingly were received by: Captain Robert M. Dean, Jr.; 1st Lieut. Allston Van Wagner; 2nd Lieut. Roger Moore; 1st Sergt. Oliver W. Howland, Jr.; 2nd Sergt. Raymond Batten.

The first prize in the senior competitive drill was won by Sergt. John A. Reid, Co. B.; the second by Sergt. Raymond Batten, Co. B; the third by Corp. Rene Loubris, Co. B.

The results of the junior drill were as follows: first prize, Priv. Richard Dolbeare, Co. B; second, Priv. Charles Carr, Co. A; third, Arthur Moncreiff, Co. A.

The orderly medal was awarded to Priv. Dolbeare.

Another important event of the year for the battalion is the officers' party, which was held December 28th, 1917. Following the Wakefield officers in the grand march were officers from West Point, Norwich University, Woburn, H. S. B., and Stoneham H. S. B. The Medford officers arrived later. The party was a success in every way and netted approximately $125.00.

During the year, Wakefield officers have attended the officers' parties held in Stoneham, Gloucester, Medford and Woburn.

On the evening of May 27th, after a short parade, the battalion attended, upon invitation, a patriotic meeting held in the town hall under the auspices of the Wakefield Grange. It also marched with the G. A. R. on Memorial Day.

MAJOR F. EVERETT WILKINS

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION ENTERTAINMENT

A very novel entertainment was given in the town hall, on February 6, 1918, under the auspices of the athletic association.

Miss Marion Wilson, a well-known impersonater, gave several character sketches, which were all favorably received. During the intervals between Miss Wilson's sketches, the audience was favored with violin selections by Miss Marion McKie, accompanied by Miss Margaret Hurley; piano solos by John Reid; and two reading by Miss Mary McAuliffe; all of which were greatly appreciated by the audience.

The committee in charge of this entertainment consisted of the members of the Senior class committee, the commissioned officers, and the "Debater" staff.

HELEN JONES, '18

SENIOR CLASS NOTES

At a meeting held March 6, the class made arrangements to have a floral piece sent to the funeral of Robert Gibbs. A delegation of members was chosen to attend the services. Arrangements were also made for the purchase of a picture for the high school by the class. The picture hangs in Room 9.

At a meeting held April 5, the class honors were announced and class speakers chosen. The honors were:—Lester Lewis, Valedictorian; Evangelos Soteriades, Salutatorian; Everett Wilkins, Honor Part. The speakers chosen by Mr. Howe were:—Charlotte Boody, John Murray; and by the class —Mary McAuliffe and Raymond Drugan.

The class motto, "TRUTH CONQUERS," was also announced.

JOSEPH BREHAUT, *Sec.*, '18

"GOOD KING ARTHUR" in 1918

When good Herb. Hoover ruled this land,
It was a goodly thing;
He made us buy of barley-meal,
To make a bag pudding.

A bag-pudding we all did make,
And stuffed it well with plums.
But left out the great lumps of fat,
As big as our two thumbs.

The family did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what we did not eat that meal,
We ate the next day fried.

RUTH WOODBURY, '20

REVERENCE FOR THE HOME

One of the greatest failings of the twentieth century is the lack of reverence for the home, as shown by the American youths of today. In China we see the children, who are not Christians, reverencing not only their parents and their homes, but also the spirits of their departed ancestors. The Jews, too, have always shown great reverence for the home. The Puritans were like the Chinese in their devotion to home and family. They were a very great people who founded the greatest nation of the world and their example should be followed by the youths of America, but it is not. The youths of today wish to do as they please,—they think only of their pleasure and do not respect the opinions of other people.

It seems as though about every ten years, the reverence for the home declines a notch, and if things go on as they are going now, there will soon be no home in the truest and best sense. Not many years ago, the young people would meet of an evening at a friend's home and have a jolly good time. What do they do now? The girls go to the moving picture show, the boys to the street corners to lounge around, doing nothing worth while. You will probably say, "The parents do not make the home attractive." But do the children try to make the homes attractive for themselves? Why should they leave everything for the parents to do?

Why not take an unoccupied room in the house, if there is one, and fix it up as a sort of club room where the young people of the neighborhood could spend their evenings? If one person did this, others would follow the lead, and soon the home would become a place of jollity and happiness, a place to stay in, not just a place for mother to clean up and for the rest of the family to eat and sleep in.

The Youth must be taught that Mother is not simply to keep the clothes washed and mended, the rooms in order, the table supplied with food, and the one to do all the disagreeable jobs that come up; and that Father is not the one to make the money and to foot all the bills for little unnecessary trifles that we could most certainly get along without. Father and Mother are people to reverence, to help all we can by doing things that we would ordinarily make them do for us, and they are people to love. They should not be made to feel that they are back numbers because they are getting a little old and sometimes wrinkled and gray-haired.

The young folks of America can learn a great deal about reverence in the home and reverence to the parents by following the example of the Pilgrims.

GERTRUDE HUTCHINSON, '20

1919 CLASS NOTES

The Junior class held a most successful party Friday evening, February 1, in the town hall.

The matrons were Miss A. Irene Goddard, of the faculty; Mrs. J. Galvin and Mrs. W. H. Woodman. At intermission, pleasing vocal solos were rendered by Miss Alice Doyle, '19, which together with fancy Spanish dancing by Miss Edith Jones, '19, made a most acceptable entertainment.

Little Miss Helen Fay, costumed as Columbia and Master Francis Smith as Uncle Sam, distributed dance orders.

The hall was tastefully decorated with flags kindly offered by Mrs. Goodale.

The dance was a financial as well as a social success.

IDA M. LOWE, *Sec.*, '19

WASHINGTON, D. C.

In the week beginning February 18th, a trip to the nation's capitol and New York City was made by Mr. Fulton, head of our Commercial Department, Howard Marshall, Everett Wilkins, Lester C. Lewis, and Cyrus M. Dolbeare, members of the senior class. We were accompanied as far as New York City by Miss Gilmore, also of the faculty.

Leaving Wakefield by train, we went to Providence, Rhode Island, where we walked about the city, seeing the Brown University grounds and buildings and the state capital. That evening we left by boat for New York City.

After a beautiful sail through Long Island Sound, we entered New York harbor early the next morning, taking in all the sights of the harbor, including the Statue of Liberty, the Woolworth Building, and the many boats, ferries, tugs, and barges at work in the harbor. We spent no time in the city as it was nearly time for our train to start. Crossing the Hudson on a ferry, we boarded a train for Philadelphia at the New Jersey station.

Although we spent only two hours in

Philadelphia, we saw what we intended to see; namely, the Liberty Bell, Independence Hall with all its relics, and a beautiful collection of historical paintings by J. L. G. Ferris.

We arrived in Washington on the evening of the 19th. We walked about the city, seeing it by night. The next morning, we took a buss ride through the city, during which our guide pointed out to us the statues, monuments, public buildings, government buildings, and the home of our senators, representatives, and foreign ambassadors.

That afternoon we visited Alexandria, Va., famed during the Revolutionary War period. We visited the church which George Washington and later Robert E. Lee attended. We also went through the old Carlyle House, in which George Washington stayed and in which he received his first commission. Late in the afternoon, we went to the National Museum, seeing the relics which have been collected from Alaska, Egypt, Greece, and North America Indian tribes. As the Museum was so large and its contents so numerous, we were only able to see about half of it. That evening, we went to the Library of Congress.

In this building are collections of war posters from the countries now at war, cartoons by the leading cartoonists of this country and England; old books, maps, and manuscripts, yellow with age. The most beautiful part of this library was the reading room, a massive room with its walls and ceiling beautifully carved and painted.

The following day we went up the Washington Monument and viewed the winding Potomac, the hills of Virginia on one side, and the city of Washington on the other.

Then we finished our inspection of the National Museum, seeing the Roosevelt collections from Africa and skeletons of the extinct North American animals. The remainder of the day was spent at the capitol building.

A guide showed us about the building, pointing out everything of interest. Then we visited the House of Representatives, which was in session. We were all surprised with the plan of session. Instead of all representatives being in the hall at once and listening to the speakers, only about twenty-five or thirty were present, and there was so much noise that it was difficult to hear what was being said. We then spent about three hours in the Senate Chamber, Vice-President Marshall presiding. Here, too, the session was carried on in somewhat the same manner as was the session of the House, but we could hear all that was said. We heard debates on the government ownership of and financing of railroads.

The next day, which was the 22nd, Washington's Birthday anniversary, we visited the Annapolis Naval Academy in the morning and were shown around the grounds and through several of the buildings. In the afternoon, we visited Washington's beautiful mansion at Mount Vernon. It is a wonderful place. Washington could not have chosen a more beautiful spot in which to live.

Saturday morning we were shown through the Bureau of Printing and Engraving buildings. We saw the government employees making postage stamps, Thrift Stamps, paper currency (all denominations, and also the Philippine Island currency), and bonds for the Third Liberty Loan. The visit to these buildings was the most interesting of all.

Leaving Washington that afternoon, we arrived in New York City in the late evening and registered at a hotel. Then two of us went up Broadway to watch the great theatre crowds and the huge electric signs. During our visit in New York, we went up the Statue of Liberty, the Woolworth building, took a bus ride along the Riverside Drive and Fifth Avenue, visiting Grant's Tomb, and the Metropolitan Art Museum.

CYRUS M. DOLBEARE, '18

SAMANA

Sparkling, dancing, clear-as-a-crystal water; huge green waves smashing suddenly into columns of white on the reefs on either side; great hills flanking the shores; balmy, tropical perfume-laden air; such is the way in which one is greeted at Samana, the gem of Santa Domingo's cities.

Approaching the passage which leads to the harbor, we saw a clear cut rugged mainland with its background of mountain. The verdure-covered hills sloping gently to the sea, the white strip of gleaming sand, the breaking waves, all in turn claimed our attention.

Slowly we approached the entrance, for indeed it is a long, and tortuous passage which leads to the little harbor. We picked up speed as the channel widened. On our

port side were a number of small islands, all thickly overgrown, and crowned with giant palms. The passage again narrowed until one could almost touch the growing things on either side. Hills, sloping sharply back on both sides and covered with the thick tropical growth, gave the impression almost of sailing on land.

Far ahead we caught a glimpse of widening water, giving promise that our port was near at hand. A little thatched hut under the palms on the shore, was the first sign of habitation.

Slowly we steamed into the little harbor with the dainty city on its shore almost a part of it. As the anchors rattled noisily out at the captain's hoarse command, a boat quickly left the shore, bearing the customs officials. Then a number of boats approached the ship to take the passengers and their luggage ashore.

That there was no cargo to be loaded or unloaded was proved by the lack of lighters. Usually there is a small fleet of the clumsy craft, leaving the shore even before the ship is anchored, as at Monte Cristi, where the sailboats tacked a half-mile across the open sea; or at Puerto Plata where the lighters were manned by two husky natives, urging their clumsy craft by means of two enormous sculling oars. To scull the lighters, however, is possible only in the harbors, for at Monte Cristi, where the wind is strong, the sailboats are sometimes blown out of their course and must tack back and forth to reach their destination.

Not a great deal can be said of the seamanship of the natives. At Monte Cristi, for instance, the heavy boats come lumbering up, the sails go banging down to the accompaniment of the yelling, and swearing of the natives. The heavy boats moved by their impetus give either the ship itself or the preceding boat a terrific blow. This is kept up until there is a string of eight or ten beneath the cargo-ports. In striking contrast with this slipshod seamanship, the motor sail boat from the U. S. encampment will approach nicely to transact some small matter and then busily hurry off again.

But to return to Samana; while the row boats were taking the passengers ashore, a number of small native craft, dugouts, and the like, came rowing up to the ship to dispense delicious pineapples, mangoes, limes, and huge bunches of bananas, to the passengers and crew. For 15 cents one may purchase a ripe pineapple, such as is seldom seen in our markets. But it is little use to describe a ripe pineapple to one who has never seen one. They must be tasted to be appreciated. Bananas, too, are very cheap. One may procure a large bunch for a very small amount; indeed, the assistant engineer had two huge bunches hanging in his room, which were given to him. Mangoes, I must admit, I could not cultivate a taste for. Others, however, evidently found them appetizing, for they were purchased by the basket load.

But our stay in Samana soon drew to a close. After a few terrific blasts of the whistle, there was the rattle of anchors being drawn in, sharp commands were given, and the water near the stern suddenly quivered and upheaved like some live thing. Slowly we turned and steamed out of the little harbor of Samana.

R. A. Reid, '19

HOW A COLLEGE ATHLETE CAN MAKE HIMSELF GENERALLY USEFUL

A college athlete sometimes allows himself to neglect his practicing and to forget that he could win a captain's reputation—if he would try harder. There has always been the excuse to spend his vacation in going pleasure-seeking, because those "exams" were so hard. But this summer, everyone must work harder and make the best use of his advantages—the daylight-saving plan for instance.

Here are four opportunities open for a college or high school athlete.

1. Those who were considered good tennis players, can practice the back-hand tennis stroke on the dining-room rug—mother is busy knitting and sewing for our boys.

2. The boys who were popular for putting the shot, can be helpful when a load of feed is waiting to be put in the barn—father is busy with his crops.

3. All those who won the quarter-mile run at the track meets of last year, can make short work of the weeds—sister is attending a summer course at a conservation school.

4. The boys who always went camping can hire out and improve their chances for making the H. S. nine by gathering the melon crop. The brother who used to do this is at the training camp, learning how

to "kill the Kaiser," the world's most dangerous menace.

All these "patriotic positions" should be paid with Thrift and War Savings Stamps. I say "patriotic positions" because each one who fills them is helping to turn the wheel of War. Work like this wouldn't hurt some of the "popular stars."

HELEN M. BARTON, '20

A WIRELESS ROMANCE

The fast ocean freighter, "Morro Castle" swung out from her pier drawn by two puffing little tow boats, which headed her down the North River. At a signal from the bridge telegraph the big engines pushed the vessel slowly down the river, past the Statue of Liberty, through the busy harbor, which echoed and reechoed with the sound of many whistles, past the puffing tow boats and long, snake-like lines of coal barges, and stopped to leave the pilot.

Then the "Morro Castle" steamed steadily southward, leaving the busy metropolis far astern, as the sun set with a gaudy display of red and gold. The stars peeped out and the moon lay low upon the eastern horizon, shedding her mellow silver radiance upon the deep Atlantic. So the steamer made her way southward.

As she moved swiftly along, pushed by the polished, well-oiled machinery, Florence, the wireless operator, sat in the quiet station, listening to the many ships in or around New York harbor. Now a high toned naval station sent out a weather report. When it had stopped, Florence threw in the antenna switch and called Cape May, New Jersey, "WCY WCY WCY De KWC KWC KWC. Upon receiving an answer, he asked for the baseball scores and the stock market report, upon receipt of which he said "G. N. O. M." (good night old man) "KWC" and Cape May said "G. N."

When, about a week later, Florence came within range of Cape May again, he called "WCY De KWC" and on receiving an answer, he began, "SAOM (Say, old man) WILL YOU PSE (please) SEND ME PRESSE?" Cape May replied that it was "SAYL" (say, young lady) and not "SAOM" and continued with the weather and press reports.

After this when the "Morro Castle" passed Cape May, Florence would always pick up the shore station to "chew the fat." For a steamer was south bound, he picked up Cape May and said, "SAYL, AM COMING DOWN 2 CU NEXT TRIP, OK?" She replied, "SORRY OM (old man) BUT MY time this continued until one day when the FATHER LEAVES NY TOMORROW ON A SHIP FOR JAPAN AND I GO AS OPR (operator), NAME HERMOSA, CALL WBP." Florence read it over and said, "GNYL, I WISH U GOOD LUCK CUL (see you later) 73 (best regards) KWC." and the shore station replied, "GNOM CUL 73," so the giant steamer made her way southward in the mellow moonlight of a cool September evening.

Four days later, the "Morro Castle" cleared Havana, bound north. She ran along the coast of Cuba, past the Florida Keys, where she ran into a heavy sea, increasing all the time. The wind blew fiercely and the steamer steamed on, the spray flying in all directions.

Florence received press from Miami, Fla., and a northwest storm warning from St. Augustine, which he reported to the bridge.

About this time the "Hermosa" rolled and wallowed badly in the heavy seas. The strain was too much. Her plates began to give and she began to leak. At last the master stood in the door of the wireless station and said in a grave voice, "Well, girl, I think this blow is our last." There he paused. "You will call for help." The girl responded. "SOS de WBP." No answering spark was heard. Again she tried with no results.

A third time and her father came in, bringing a gust of wind along with him. "Girl, you will have to hurry, the water is fast reaching the engine room generator," he said. She threw in the antenna switch and listened for the long lost answer, but ho! what's that? A faint spark like a guiding light came out of the dark windy night. Even the wind and rain did not bother that persevering little spark.

On board the "Morro Castle," all was warm and cosy. Florence sat at the set and listened to the wind and rain out in that wild night, thought of what the girl on the "Hermosa" might be doing just then, when his meditations were broken up by the steward, who entered with Florence's supper. Florence told the steward that he wished coffee at midnight, and as he went out, Florence put on the 'phones' and listened.

At first all was still. Then a faint little

spark came out of that stormy night, "SOS de WBP," it said. Florence reported this by telephone to the officer on watch on the bridge. In a minute (it seemed hours) the answer came to receive exact position and condition of the vessel.

Florence made everything ready; and as the spark roared merrily across the spark gap, he said, "WBP de KWC." As he listened, the answer came with details. Florence reported.

On the "Hermosa," the captain entered the wireless station looking grim and sober. Soon a light sprang into his eyes and he realized that the girl was really getting help. As the captain of the "Morro Castle" answered, "We'll be at your side in 6 hours," the captain of the "Hermosa" said "Thank God," and went out.

In the meantime, the "Morro Castle" surged forward, forced on by the powerful engines never ceasing in their work of pushing that vessel on. The stokers, water tenders, engineers, and oilers busied themselves at their work under the bright incandescent lamps, as the steamer, seeming to be alive, rushed on at the call of that faint spark.

On the "Hermosa," all was quiet save for the little direct current generator which supplied power for the wireless set.

Florence "stood by" and copied "KWC, CANNOT LAST LONG, SETTLING FAST GENERATOR ALMOST UNDER WAT--" —here the spark died out. Florence called in vain, for the other set was dead.

As dawn was breaking in the east, the officer on watch saw a steamer on the horizon, settled so low that the waves dashed over the decks. The crew were lowering the boats.

As the last boat left the old ship's side, Florence saw a girl, of about 20 years, in the stern wearing a big life belt, which seemed to hamper her movements. Florence leaned on the rail of the promenade deck, watched the bobbing lifeboats, and the girl. As he looked, he drew a handkerchief from his pocket and waved. She waved back. So Florence received his first look at the Cape May operator.

As he looked, the old Norwegian freighter, "Hermosa" settled, reared and plunged headlong down through the raging waters of King Neptune's unconquered domain, another victim.

DAVIS, '18

LOGGING IN THE MAINE WOODS

Early one morning, two four-horse teams, each with a driver and three choppers, started for a place eight miles distant, five of which must be covered on land and three over a lake. The ice being very thick, the men were able to cross, thus making the trip shorter by two miles.

After the head of the lake was reached, the difficulties began; the snow was five feet deep on the level, and the drifts were sometimes as high as ten feet. The horses were unhitched from the logger, (as the sled upon which the logs are piled, is called) and then driven after a man who went on snow shoes to pick out the way. Behind the wading horses came the rest of the men, tramping down the path, which the horses had made, and also cutting the small bushes and trees that were in the way. When they had reached a good clump of trees, the driver went back after the logger, while the choppers began their work.

One of the choppers began to chop on the side toward which he wished the tree to fall and chopped till he was about five-eighths of the way through. He then left that tree and went on to another. The other two choppers then came along with a larger buck-saw, finished the cut, and sawed the tree into fifteen foot lengths, thus saving a large amount of lumber that would be wasted if chopped, beside taking a much shorter time.

When the driver got back, the hardest work began. The logs had to be loaded on the logger and then chained. On the first load, the driver only attempted to take about fifteen medium sized logs. But on the second and all afterward, when the road was worn down hard and smooth, he took about twenty or twenty-five. When he reached the dam,he loosened the chain and the logs fell off.

They were put inside a number of boom-logs that were chained together, so that when the ice went out, the logs would be ready to float to the mill, there to be sawed into planks or boards.

The logs that are too small to be sawed into planks or boards are sawed into four-foot lengths and made into "shook," that is, staves for barrels, that are knocked down into small bundles and fastened with wire

tape. The birch is separated from the rest and taken to a spool mill to be made into spools.

NORMAN W. RICKARDS

IMPRESSIONS

I was given an opportunity to take a trip to a prominent school near Boston where medicine and dentistry are taught. I went a few weeks ago and am now passing along my recollections of the trip.

We reached school in time to hear a lecture. The lecture room was in the form of a Greek theatre, as all modern lecture rooms are. The seats were arranged in a semi-circle and the tiers of seats in the rear were higher than those in front. In front were colored charts, showing magnified diagrams of various parts of the body. Before the lecture three assistants rolled the specimens in on trays. In the first tray were two human legs with the skin removed but the flesh still remaining. On another was a great number of knee bones; on the third, a heap of hip bones. At the side of the "stage" was a skeleton, hanging by a cord. The lecturer would occasionally take hold of the skeleton and point out the position of a certain part of the body. After he released his hold, the body began to swing, reminding me of a clothesline on a breezy day. The lecture itself was very interesting, I suppose. The professor might have known what he was talking about, but I didn't. He, however, wrote some of his terms on the blackboard and I noticed a few of them. They were "gastronimius flexorlongusdigitorum, tibialis anterior flexorlongushallucis." There were, besides, a host of other posterior and anterior muscles, joints, and articulations. The lecturer at one time wanted to get the leg into a certain position. He took it up, handled it exactly as a butcher slings a side of beef, and bounced it onto the table.

After the lecture we went to the laboratory in which the students dissect their own subjects as they have already seen the instructor do. This room was even more interesting than the lecture room. There were about a dozen stone tables in this one room and on every table was a dead body. The skin was taken off so that one could see the flesh and muscles, and arteries. It was interesting to watch the fellows cut up their "stiffs." Part of the work was to cut open and separate the knee joint from the rest of the body. One fellow couldn't do this very well with his subject. He took the whole leg in his hands, just as he would take a stick of wood or a baseball bat, and broke it against the side of the wall. Another took a leg in his hands, one hand at each end, and put his foot on the knee joint and pushed against it. After the dissecting was finished, they cleaned up the blood with large sponges.

After a while they began throwing these sponges at one another. The real treat of the day, however, was reserved for the last. One of the fellows wanted me to look at the head of his subject. The heads of all were bound up. He removed the covering and showed the head. The subject must have been killed in an accident, for the nose was flattened out and the eyes had been gouged out. The teeth were perfect. Because of the injecting fluid used in embalming, the flesh was as hard as wood. Needless to say, I was sorry that no one was allowed to take pictures.

When, at last, we had to go home, I really found it hard to tear myself away from such enjoyable surroundings.

R. DRUGAN, '18

THE DEBATER KNOWS

That the class of 1918 is the best class.

That certain members of the senior class committee would like to choose another picture for the school.

That the picture which was given by the class is hanging in room 9.

That everybody is looking forward to the reception.

That the class is reducing expenses as much as possible for graduation and reception.

That the sophomores won the inter-class meet by one point.

That "Bill" Burke is quite a fine little runner.

THE "DEBATER" WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Where "Red" Wilkins bought the flowers for Miss Wilson.

What Miss Andrews has against D——, H ———, B———.

—By Count Meout

EXCHANGES

The "Debater" is always glad to receive exchanges. Those that we have received since our last issue have been unusually interesting and have given us many valuable hints. The "Debater" has received the following papers:

"Argus," Gardner H. S., Gardner, Mass.

"Authentic," Stoneham H. S., Stoneham, Mass.

"Bostonia" and "Boston University Beacon," Boston University, Boston, Mass.

"Clarion," Everett H. S., Everett, Mass.

"Echo," Sanborn Seminary, Kingston, N. H.

"Echo," Winthrop H. S., Winthrop, Mass.

"Eltrurian," Haverhill H. S., Haverhill, Mass.

"Graphic," Amherst H. S., Amherst, Mass.

"Harvard Alumni Bulletin," Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.

"Index," South H. S., Worcester, Mass.

"Oriole," Bushwick H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Pioneer," Reading H. S., Reading, Mass.

"Polytechnic," Renssellaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N. Y.

"Sangra," Waycross H. S., Waycross, Ga.

"Students' Pen," Pittsfield H. S., Pittsfield, Mass.

"Tripod," Thornton Academy, Saco, Me.

"Tufts Weekly," Tufts College, Medford, Mass.

"White and Gold," Woodbury H. S., Woodbury, N. J.

Through the kindness of Mr. Warren Oliver, the "Debater" has received several copies of the "Southerner," and a beautiful book, "The Tiger," from the South High School of Minneapolis, Minn. Mr. Oliver is a member of the class of 1908 of the Wakefield High School, and at present a member of the faculty of the South High of Minneapolis. The staff of the "Debater" appreciates the interest he has taken in the paper.

HELPFUL HINTS MEANT FOR THE BEST

"Tripod." You have a fine list of stories in your literary department.

"Sangra." With so many fine cuts, why do you not have a variety of cover designs?

"Oriole." Here's hoping you have as many if not more farmers than last year. Those that went farming last year deserve praise.

"Graphic." A few more stories as good as the few published would help a great deal.

"Eltrurian." Your "Book Review" is interesting.

"Argus." You have one of the best literary departments we have seen.

D. C. P.

THE OLD CLOCK'S STORY

O hark to the tock of the good old clock,
As it hangs on the kitchen wall!
Now list to its tock, its tick, tick, tock,
This message it brings to us all—
"Go do it today and do not delay."
That is the story that "good" clocks say.

I have a friend, a very dear friend,
Who wrote me a letter one night.
No letter, no card, no reply did I send,
Yet I know that my clock is quite right:
"Go do it today and do not delay."
That is the story that "good" clocks say.

I open my Latin and algebra, too,
I look at the pages and wince,
Then shut them and say, "Tomorrow will do"
But the clock still gives me some hints.
"Go do it today and do not delay."
That is the story that "good" clocks say.

My lessons are done and my papers I scatter
All over the living-room table.
They should be picked up, but what does it matter?
I'll attend to them when I'm able.
"Go do it today and do not delay."
That is the story that "good" clocks say.

One day not long since I did a rash deed,
I chose a fine volume to borrow,
And said, "I must have a good story to read,
But I'll surely return it to-morrow."
"Go do it today and do not delay."
That is the story that "good" clocks say.

I know of a man, a patient old man,
Who lies very sick in his bed.
"I'll go cheer him some day when I can,"
But I do other things in its stead.
"Go do it today and do not delay."
That is the story that "good" clocks say.

O hark to the tock of the good old clock,
As it hangs on the kitchen wall!
Now list to its tock, its tick, tick, tock,
This message it brings to us all—
"Go do it today and do not delay."
That is the story that "good" clocks say.

RUTH I. CARLSON, '21.

W. H. S. INDOOR TRACK TEAM 1917-18

Back Row, left to right; Mgr. John W Hurley, Raymond Batten, Capt. William Burke, Raymond Drugan, John Reid.
Front Row, left to right; Charles Moncrief, Rueben Draper, Abe Levine, Albert Burke, George Seabury.

W. H. S. BASEBALL TEAM 1917-18

Standing, left to right: Gordon Crandall, Francis Maguire, Captain Caswell Huestis, John Kalaher, Leslie Cummings, Robert M. Dean, Jr., Mgr. Cyrus M. Dolbeare.

Middle Row Harold Surrette, Raymond Pearson, Howard Marshall, Wm. Lee, George O'Neil, John Reid.

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THE ENMITY BETWEEN MY NEIGHBOR'S DOG AND ME

The subject of my story is a small, white, intelligent dog of timid features and nimble feet.

I first became acquainted with this mid-day prowler when I cornered him one day in my yard. In order to escape he had to pass within four feet of me; it was a critical position and he soon realized it. Summoning all his courage, he prepared to run the gauntlet. Coming like the wind, he whizzed by me; but as he did so, I touched him with my hand. This brought forth a yell of fear,—a long drawn-out wail such as a wolf gives in the still night of a western prairie, but somewhat different in that I detected feetings of excitement, fear, anger, pain, disgust,—and perhaps joy. I think I could write a book on that yell, such rare, blood-curdling shrieks are not heard every day, though similar ones might be heard at a slaughter house on a pig's dying day, but not elsewhere.

This one adventure, which that dog will long remember, has established in his mind an ever-growing hatred for me. As yet he has not exercised his revenge on me, and I do not think he will for he assumes the defensive. This is evident when I pass him on the street, for he is sure to cross over to the other side or run in back of a house. My eyes have become accustomed to the sight of his flying feet. When there is snow on the ground, he is well aware of it, and he is also acquainted with my ability to aim snowballs. I have never resorted to stones as my animosity toward him is purely innocent; he has done no harm that I know of other than chase friendly cats.

One of the characteristics of this dog, whose intellectual capacity is not much inferior to that of many human beings, is his knowledge of geometry. Apparently he knows that the hypotenuse of a right triangle is longer than either of the other two sides, for as I watched him one day, he was in the act of carrying away a right-angle-shaped bone through a small hole in a wire fence of a henyard. He first got through himself, and then taking the base of the triangle in his mouth, he slowly and gently drew the bone after him. It slipped through the hole neatly, owing to his mental calculation of the shape of the bone and the hole through which it was going.

I must relate my last meeting with friend dog, which occurred on a sunny day in April. I was walking along the street, whistling the tune of "When a porcupine pines for his little pork," when suddenly I stopped in perplexity, for about five feet from me was that dog, with the hair on his back sticking up like ninepins. He gave a low growl as if he were going to leap at me. This action stimulated my hatred for that dog, and I was just thinking of what I would do to him when the following words popped into my mind: "Thou shalt not kill." Well, I had to do something, so I stooped as though to pick up a stone, and when I straightened up again saw that the poor dog had unceremoniously vamoosed.

I have not seen the dog since, but I know he still lives as I hear his evening hymns now and then.

C. S. Marshall, '18

AN EPISODE IN CLASS '20

One"WINTER" day, while riding in a "FORD," a "SERGEANT" met a pretty "THRESHER," who, upon request, entered the renowned vehicle. While speeding over a lonely "MOORE," they were interrupted by the loud ejaculations of a red-headed "BIRD," who was quarrelling with a "FAY". A young "ABBOTT," coming upon the scene, quickly settled the dispute. They again rode peacefully on, only to be once more interrupted by a "DRAPER," who begged to be admitted into the already overburdened auto as he was being pursued by an unpaid "TAYLOR." This request granted, the speedy chase began. The heavy machine madly rushed over "HILL" and "GREEN" and finally into some rippling "BROOKS." A mischievous "LEACH" betrayed the tragic scene to some ferocious "LYONS," who immediately carried off the capsized motor car. The occupants, however, were meanwhile saved by a tall "REID" and were carefully taken care of by a sympathetic "ROACH."

TILLY GERSINOVITCH, '20

Miss Goddard (upon noticing that Rea and another French pupil were sharing a book) "Where is *your* book, Rea?"

Rea (emphatically) "It is up in the physical laboratory."

Miss Goddard, "What is it doing up there?"

Rea, —"*It is having a rest.*"

Miss Goddard, —"Did it *ever* have anything else?"

MY ROSANNA — I LOVED AND LOST HER

Sir Roger loved and lost. So did I. Really and truly, I loved my Rosanna, and who could help loving such a dark-eyed wonder. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like my dear one. Such long, thick, jet-black hair was wonderful to look upon. Heavens! How those dark beady eyes seemed to bore into my soul.

My Rosanna was fair, fat, and fated. One day my loved one sallied out and proceeded to cross the street. A seven cylinder flivver came roaring and tearing down the street. My love had no time to get out of the way. The ton of tin, rubber, and canvas came crashing down on my poor darling. Rosanna was no more.

Thus ended the life of my pet dog.

H. S. BARBER, '18

In his usual way, Mr. Jones was reading to the sophomores a line of the next song.

"Good morning, Mr. Zip-zip-zip, with your hair cut just as short as mine."

We wondered whether Mr. Jones had read it over thoughtfully before.

Talk about the censorship of war news at Washington! — Chairman Creel does not know what the word "censor" means. Just let him try to get something in the "Debater" and find out!

ATHLETICS

INDOOR TRACK

The first indoor track meet of the season was between Wakefield High and Lowell High at Lowell. For the first time in many years, Lowell High was defeated, 34½ to 28½ by Wakefield on its own floor.

There were thrills galore and a see-saw score, making much excitement. The 700 spectators found ample cause for cheering —as long as Lowell was in the lead.

Burke featured for the winners, while Capt. Mansur was the best performer for Lowell.

There was a great deal of jostling by the runners on the turns. Claims of fouls were entered on two occasions, but were not allwed.

Lowell was unfortunate on two occasions in having her runners fall.

Mayor Thompson officiated as referee.

The summary:

30 yd. dash—final heat, won by Mansur, Lowell; Batten, Wakefield, second; Keith, Lowell, third. Time, 3 3-5 seconds.

High jump — won by Mansur, Lowell; Coughlin, Lowell, second; Keith, Lowell, and Seabury of Wakefield tied for third place. Height, 5 ft., 7 in.

1000 yd. run — won by Burke, Wakefield; Levine, Wakefield second; Markham, Lowell, third. Time, 2 minutes, 50 seconds.

300 yd. dash — won by Mansur, Lowell; Drugan, Wakefield, second; Hart, Lowell, third. Time, 40 4-5 seconds.

Shot put — won by Coughlin, Lowell; Batten, Wakefield, second; Drugan, Wakefield, third. Distance, 36 feet.

Mile run — won by W. Burke, Wakefield; Levine, Wakefield, second, Sullivan, Lowell, third. Time, 5 minutes, 23 3-5 seconds.

600 yd. run — won by Batten, Wakefield; Reid, Wakefield, second; Markham, Lowell, third. Time, 1 minute, 34 2-5 seconds.

Relay — 1200 yds. — won by Wakefield, (Drugan, Draper, Seabury, W. Burke).

Final score: Lowell 28½, Wakefield 34½.

Huntington vs. Wakefield

In the next meet, the Huntington school's well-balanced team defeated Wakefield High 15 to 15 at Huntington School.

Capt. Burke annexed first places in both the 600 and the 1000 yard runs. In the 1000 yd. race, Burke was never led. In the 600 yd. run, stiff opposition was met in Dana Burnham, who led most of the way. On the last bank, as Burke was passing Burnham, Burnham attempted to hold Burke, and after the race was disqualified, Batten secured second place.

Seabury secured third place in the high jump. The 300 yard race was won by three Huntington men.

The only Wakefield men placing were Burke, Batten, Levine and Seabury.

Greater Boston Schoolboy Meet

The next meet in which the Wakefield Track Team took part was the Greater Boston Schoolboy meet, which was won by Wakefield in 1917.

This meet was won by the High School of Commerce by half a point, with Wakefield second.

Wakefield High, winner of the meet a year ago, had three scorers in Burke, Ray Batten, and Abe Levine, who contributed 12 points, the other half point being credited to the team as a result of 10th best time in the relay races.

The final heat in the 600 yard run was the most exciting race. Driscoll swung along at an easy pace, with "Ray" Batten at his heels. On the last lap, Hockenson of Lynn Classical jumped the field and finished in fine style. Batten won third place.

In the 1000 yard run, Capt. Burke was content to allow his opponents to set the pace for many laps; but when he cut loose the other runners were unable to keep pace.

An unfortunate misunderstanding in the mile race cost Burke a new record. The

runners covered only 11 laps instead of twelve.

Fourteen schools divided 99½ points.

The first five:—Commerce 13; Wakefield. 12½; Lynn English, 11½; Boston English, 11; Lynn Classical, 10.

Boston English High won the Massachusetts High School meet in which Wakefield High participated.

Batten, after a hard fight, had to be content with third, losing by inches in a fast "600."

Draper secured second in the intermediate "220."

S. Levine won the intermediate shot put.

The feature race of the afternoon was the 1000 yard run, with Burke of Wakefield and Dudley of Boston Latin. Dudley, as usual, had the lead and held it until the last lap.

When within 10 yards of the finish, Burke broke into a terrific spurt and won.

Wakefield vs. Medford

Medford defeated Wakefield by a narrow margin in a well-contested track meet. Due to the small size of the track, the local boys could not get started in the 20-yard dash before the race was finished and all three places were captured by Medford.

The 300 yard race was run on time trials, which proved fatal to Wakefield, as the race was decided on 2-5 of a second.

The runners featuring were Burke and Levine, in the mile and 1000-yard races, Batten's fast work in the "600," and Drugan's tying for second place in the high jump.

Interclass Meet

The Sophomores won the annual Interclass meet by a narrow margin. Drugan was the individual star for the seniors, scoring first in the dash, "300," and shot put. Abe Levine was the sophomore star, winning the 600 yd. run, tying with Burke in the "1000" and winning second in the mile. Burke won the mile and tied with Levine in the "1000."

This meet, the last of the indoor season, was a success in every way. There were thrills galore, making much excitement for the many spectators.

CAPT. BURKE, '18.

BASEBALL

Candidates for the baseball team were called out the first day of April. An unusually large number of fellows reported, among whom were the following veterans of last year's team: L. Douglass, B. Crandall, J. Kalaher, F. Maguire, R. Pearson, S. Cummings, H. Marshall, J. Reid, H. Surrette, W. Lee, and Capt. J. C. Heustis.

The new candidates are H. Bird, W. Finneran, G. Seabury, T. Lally, and F. Keefe.

From this excellent material a winning combination should be formed; and if the boys show the same aggresive spirit that they have displayed in the games played to date, they will bring the Middlesex League championship to Wakefield again.

This is probably the first team in the history of the school that has attempted to go through the season without a coach, scarcity of money making this a necessity; and for this reason, a hearty support by the student body is desired.

CAPTAIN J. C. HEUSTIS.

To Capt. Caswell Heustis fell the difficult work of coaching the baseball team this spring. It should rather be said that Heustis rose to the situation the moment it was decided we could not afford a professional coach. His knowledge of the game, his untiring energy and tactful leadership have won the loyal support of his teammates to a degree that a professional coach might well envy.

CAMP PLUNKETT vs. W. H. S.

The opening game of the spring season was played on the park Saturday, April 6th, the high school team defeating the sailors of the local range, 14 to 5.

Heustis knocked a two-bagger and three singles; Marshall, two two-baggers and a single; Douglas, a three-bagger and a single; Cummings, two two-baggers.

Muse pitched five innings and struck out three; Douglas pitched the remainder of the game, striking out three also.

Maguire and Bird played good ball at first and third respectively.

The summary:

WAKEFIELD HIGH

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Bird 3b	5	2	1	3	0
Kalaher ss	5	2	1	3	2
Heustis c	5	4	7	2	0
Cummings lf	5	2	2	0	0
Maguire 1b	4	2	11	0	1
Pearson 2b	5	2	2	2	1
Marshall cf	5	3	1	0	0
Surrette rf	5	1	0	0	0
Muse p	2	1	0	3	0
Douglas p	2	2	2	1	0
Totals	43	21	27	11	4

CAMP PLUNKETT N. R. R

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Eckman 2b	5	2	2	1	1
Wescott 3b	5	0	0	3	1
Hurley ss	5	2	1	1	0
Granger cf	4	2	0	0	0
Smith 1b	4	1	10	0	0
Carolan lf	4	1	5	1	0
Smallidge rf	4	2	1	0	0
Cassani c	4	2	4	0	0
Scales p	4	2	0	4	0
Totals	39	11	23*	10	2

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Wakefield	0	2	0	0	0	4	3	5	x	—11
Camp Plunkett	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	— 5

Runs made by Bird, Kalaher, Heustis 3, Cummings 2, Maguire 3, Pearson 2, Marshall, Douglas, Eckman Granger, Smallidge, Cassani, Scales. Two-base hits, Heustis, Cummings 2, Maguire, Pearson, Marshall 2, Smallidge, Scales. Three base hit, Douglas. Sacrifice hits, Pearson, Cummings, Wescott, Cassani, Eckman. Stolen bases, Bird, Heustis, Maguire 2, Muse, Smith, Carolan, Eckman, Scales. Bases on balls, Douglas, Scales. Struck out by Muse, 4; Douglas, 3; Scales, 5. Time, 1 hr., 45 min. Umpires, M. Welsh, Tom Dignan.

*Out for infield fly.

LYNN CLASS. H. S. vs. W. H. S.

The high school team won its second game when it played the Lynn Classical H. S. team at Lynn, April 8th, and defeated them, 9 to 2.

Douglas passed four and struck out seven. Two base hits were numerous throughout the game. Douglas made a home run and Heustis a three-bagger.

Kalaher, Maguire, Pearson and Heustis played very well. The team made the trip by autos, going in Mr. Preble's and Morton Griffin's cars.

The summary:

WAKEFIELD HIGH

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Bird 3b	5	0	2	1	0
Kalaher ss	5	3	3	3	0
Heustis c	4	3	9	0	0
Cummings lf	5	1	1	2	0
Maguire 1b	5	3	10	0	1
Pearson 2b	5	1	0	3	0
Marshall, cf	4	1	0	0	2
Surrette rf	4	1	1	0	0
Douglas p	1	2	1	0	0
Totals	41	15	27	9	3

LYNN CLASSICAL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Cody	5	2	0	1	0
Drislane	4	0	0	1	0
Rowland	4	1	4	4	0
Maxfield	4	0	3	0	0
Snell	4	1	3	2	0
Harney	3	0	1	0	1
Broderick	4	2	14	0	0
Galvin	3	0	0	0	0
Crane	3	1	1	5	0
Anderson	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	34	7	27	14	1

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Wakefield	1	0	0	0	1	0	2	2	0	— 9
Lynn Classical	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	— 2

Runs made by Kalaher 2, Heustis, Cummings, Maguire 2, Marshall, Surrette, Douglas, Rowland, Broderick. Two-base hits, Kalaher, Maguire, Pearson, Marshall, Douglas, Cody, Rowland, Snell. Three-base hit, Heustis. Home run, Douglas. Sacrifice hits, Douglas, Pearson, Maxfield. Stolen bases, Heustis, Cummings, Surrette, Cody, Rowland, Broderick. Bases on balls off Douglas, 1; Anderson, 2. Struck out by Douglas, 7; Crane, 1; Anderson, 3. Double plays, Kalaher to Maguire, Cody to Rowland to Broderick. Passed ball, Snell. Time 2 hrs. Umpire, Corcoran.

Leo Douglas, our lone twirler, "has certainly got something on the ball," to use a slang expression, and with the exception of a few bad innings (which no pitcher escapes) he has pitched superb ball.

SWAMPSCOTT H. S. vs. W. H. S.

The baseball team was badly defeated at Swampscott April 19th, playing well for eleven innings, only to lose (by decision of umpire only), 2 to 1. The team started to wtihdraw from the field in the sixth inning, but later decided not to (although it would have been better.)

Cummings was caught stealing bases three times. Surrette and Lally also were caught on bases. Pearson, Heustis, and Douglas played best for the team, Douglas striking out 18 and passing only one. The trip was made by auto truck, driven by Mr. Surrette.

The summary:

SWAMPSCOTT HIGH

	ab	bh	po	a	e
McCarthy c	5	2	18	4	0
Way lf	5	1	0	0	0
Poch ss	5	1	0	2	0
Chase p	5	2	1	6	0
McNichol 2b	3	1	1	0	0
Turner 3b	3	0	6	0	2
Bailey cf	4	0	0	0	0
Witter 1b	4	0	7	1	0
Chaisoon rf	4	0	0	0	0
Totals	38	7	33	13	2

WAKEFIELD HIGH

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Pearson 1b	6	2	9	1	0
Kalaher ss	6	2	3	3	1
Heustis c	4	1	18	0	0
Cummings 3b	5	2	0	1	0
Surrette lf	5	3	0	0	0
Marshall cf	3	2	0	0	0
Douglas p	5	1	1	5	0
Lee 2b	5	2	0	0	0
Reid rf	1	0	1	0	0
Flaneran rf	1	0	0	0	0
Lally rf	2	0	0	0	0
Totals	43	15	32*	10	1

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	
Swampscott	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	— 2
Wakefield	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	— 1

Runs made by Surrette, McCarthy 2. Two-base hits, Heustis, Cummings, Marshall, Way, Chase. Sacrifice hits, Pearson, Lally. Stolen bases, Cummings 2, Surrette 2, Douglas, Chase. Bases on balls off Chase, 3; Douglas, 1. Struck out by Douglas, 18; Chase, 16. Hit by pitched ball, Lally, Turner. Time, 2 hrs., 15 min.

*Two out when winning run was brought in.

MALDEN H. S. vs. W. H. S.

The baseball team defeated the Malden H. S. team 2 to 1, in a well-played game at Ferryway Green, Malden, April 24th. Douglas struck out eight and passed three. Both teams made many errors. Nevertheless, the Wakefield team proved the stronger.

Douglas was the only player who was able to get more than a single base hit, knocking a two-bagger. Kalaher, Cummings and Bird handled several hot batted balls, and for the most part, the game was interesting.

The summary:

WAKEFIELD HIGH

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Pearson 2b	4	2	0	2	0
Kalaher ss	4	2	4	1	3
Heustis c	4	0	10	0	0
Cummings lf	4	1	1	0	1
Maguire 1b	4	1	7	0	1
Bird 3b	4	1	2	0	1
Surrette cf	4	1	1	0	0
Marshall rf	3	1	1	0	0
Douglas p	3	1	1	4	1
Totals	34	10	27	7	7

MALDEN HIGH

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Braun ss	5	0	1	2	2
Barabee 3b	4	1	4	2	2
Loud 2b	4	0	2	2	0
Bushnell 1b	5	0	8	0	0
Glennon lf	4	2	0	0	1
Cuniff rf	4	2	1	0	0
Upham cf	3	0	2	0	0
Boyd c	4	1	8	2	0
McDonald p	4	2	1	0	1
Totals	37	8	27	8	6

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Wakefield	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	— 2
Malden	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	— 1

Runs made by Douglas, Marshall, Upham. Two-base hit, Douglas. Sacrifice hit, Barabee. Stolen bases, Pearson, Kalaher, Douglas, Loud. Bases on balls off Douglas, 3; McDonald, 2. Struck out by Douglas, 8; McDonald, 7. Wild throws, McDonald, Kalaher. Time, 2 hours, 15 minutes. Umpire, Roberton.

WELLESLEY H. S. vs. W. H. S.

The high school walked away with the game played with the Wellesley H. S. at Wellesley on Saturady, April 27th, defeating them 12 to 5. The score might have been greater if Capt. Heustis had not wished to try out several of the sub-players, who proved efficient.

Marshall was put in the box in the fifth inning, and Surrette was tried out in the catcher's position later in the game.

Huestis had five stolen bases to his credit and three hits. Kalaher, Bird, Douglas, and Pearson also were able to make several hits.

This was the last game the Wellesley team played, as they were disbanded on account of lack of interest and practice.

The summary:

WAKEFIELD HIGH

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Pearson 2b lf	6	2	1	1	1
Kalaher ss	5	3	3	3	0
Heustis c, lf	4	3	9	0	0
Cummings lf	2	0	0	0	0
Surrette cf, c	4	0	5	0	0
Marshall rf, lf, p	2	1	0	0	0
Bird 3b	5	2	3	3	0
Maguire 1b	4	0	6	6	0
Douglas lf, p	4	2	0	1	1
Reid rf	2	1	0	0	0

Lee 2b, lf	1	1	0	0	0
Finneran cf	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	39	15	27	14	2

WELLESLEY HIGH

	ab	bh	po	a	e
P. Hedges ss	5	1	2	1	1
P. Keene 2b	4	3	3	0	0
Quinby p	5	2	0	3	1
White 3b	3	2	3	4	2
Hughes c	3	1	7	1	1
Sellman 1b	4	1	9	1	0
Ryan lf	4	0	1	0	0
Pratt cf	4	1	2	0	0
R. Keene rf	2	0	0	0	0
Ramsey rf	2	0	0	0	0
Totals	36	11	27	10	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Wakefield	0	0	2	5	0	3	2	0	0	—12
Wellesley	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	1	0	— 5

Runs made by Pearson, Kalaher 2, Heustis, Surrette, Marshall, Bird 2, Maguire, Douglas 3, Hedges, P. Keene, R. Keene, White, Ryan. Two-base hits, Kalaher 2, Heustis, Bird, Douglas, White. Stolen bases, Kalaher 2, Heustis 5, Surrette, Maguire, Douglas, Reid, Lee 2, Hedges, White, Hughes 2, Sellman, Pratt. Bases on balls off Douglas, 1; Marshall, 2; Quinby, 7. Struck out by Douglas, 12; Quinby, 7. Double plays, Bird to Maguire. Passed balls, Hughes 2. Wild pitches, Marshall 2. Hit by pitched ball, R. Keene. Time 2 hours, 15 minutes.

LOWELL H. S. 8; W. H. S. 5
At Lowell, May 1st

LOWELL HIGH SCHOOL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Bresnahan, 3b	4	2	1	1	1
Reynolds ss	5	1	1	1	2
Sullivan, lf	5	2	0	0	0
Mansur rf	4	1	3	0	0
Lawler 1b	3	1	7	0	1
Cahill cf	3	2	0	0	0
Sturtevant c	4	3	13	2	0
Ordway p	4	0	0	4	0
Birkenhead 2b	4	1	2	3	1
Totals	36	13	27	11	5

WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Lee rf	1	0	0	0	0
Kalaher ss	5	3	1	2	3
Henstis, c	5	3	13	1	0
Pearson 2b	5	1	3	1	1
Dean rf, lf	4	1	1	0	0
Magnire 1b	4	1	4	2	1
Marshall cf	4	2	1	1	0
Bird 3b	4	1	2	1	0
Donglas p	3	2	1	1	0
Cummings lf	4	1	1	0	0
Totals	39	15	27	9	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Lowell H. S.	1	1	0	0	0	3	0	3	x	— 8
Wakefield H. S.	1	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	— 5

Runs made by Kalaher 2, Heustis, Douglas, Cummings, Bresnehan 2, Mansur, Cahill 2, Sturtevant, Ordway, Birkenhead. Two-base hits, Heustis, Douglas, Mansur, Sturtevant. Three-base hit, Sturtevant. Sacrifice hits, Kalaher, Heustis, Pearson, Sullivan. Stolen bases, Kalaher, Heustis 2, Marshall, Bird 2, Douglas, Mansur 2, Cahill. Bases on balls off Douglas, 4; Ordway, 2. Struck out by Douglas, 9; Ordway, 11. Passed ball, Sturtevant. Time, 2 hrs.

PEABODY H. S. 12; W. H. S. 6
At Wakefield, May 4th

PEABODY HIGH SCHOOL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Anglin rf	4	2	1	0	0
Barry 1b	6	3	7	0	1
Moquin ss	5	2	2	2	0
O'Connor 3b	5	1	3	4	0
Lawrence lf	6	4	1	0	0
Levin c	5	2	7	1	0
Reid p	5	3	0	2	0
Coffey 2b	5	2	3	2	2
Shaktman cf	5	1	3	0	0
Holden rf	5	0	0	0	0
Taylor rf	1	0	0	0	0
Lynch rf	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	53	20	27	11	3

WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Pearson 2b	5	1	3	5	0
Kalaher ss	5	2	2	6	3
Heustis c	5	1	5	2	1
Cummings lf	3	1	2	0	0
Maguire cf	5	2	1	0	0
Douglas p	4	1	0	1	0
Dean 1b	4	2	13	0	0
Marshall rf	4	4	0	0	0
Bird 3b	4	1	1	1	1
Totals	40	15	27	15	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Peabody	2	2	0	0	1	1	0	3	3	—12
Wakefield	0	0	0	0	3	1	0	2	0	— 6

Runs made by Anglin, Barry 3, Moquin 3, O'Connor, Lawrence, Coffey 2, Shaktman, Dean 2, Marshall, Douglas 2, Cummings. Two-base hits, Douglas, Marshall, Bird, Moquin, O'Connor. Sacrifice hits, Lynch, Levin, Shaktman. Stolen bases, Kalaher, Heustis, Anglin, Barry, Moquin, Levin. Bases on balls off Douglas, 1; Reid, 2. Struck out by Douglas, 2; Reid 6. Double plays, Pearson to Dean, Pearson to Kalaher to Dean. Wild throw, Lawrence. Wild pitch, Douglas. Hit by pitched ball, Moquin. Time, 2 hrs. Umpire, Cullen.

W. H. S. 10; SWAMPSCOTT H. S. 5
At Wakefield, May 7th

WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Pearson 3b	5	2	1	1	1
Kalaher ss	5	0	2	5	0
Heustis c	4	1	8	0	0
Cummings lf	4	0	1	1	0
Magnire cf	5	1	0	0	1
Dean 1b	5	1	14	0	0
Marshall rf	3	0	1	1	0
Lee 2b	4	0	1	1	0
Douglas p	3	1	0	4	0
Totals	38	8	27	13	3

SWAMPSCOTT HIGH SCHOOL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Herbin cf	5	0	1	0	0
A. Way 3b	4	2	2	4	2
McCarthy c	4	0	7	2	2
Chase p	4	2	0	1	0
Rock ss	4	0	2	2	3
McNichol 2b	4	1	3	0	2
J. Way cf	4	1	2	0	1
Witter 1b	4	0	7	0	1
Turner rf	4	1	0	0	0
Totals	37	7	24	9	11

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Wakefield	0	0	0	1	1	5	1	2	x	—10
Swampscott	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	— 5

Runs made by Pearson, Kalaher 2, Maguire 2, Dean 2, Lee, Douglas 2, McCarthy, Chase, McNichol, J. Way, Turner. Two-base hits, A. Way, Chase. Sacrifice hits, Maguire, Marshall, Rock. Stolen bases, Kalaher 2, Heustis 2, Cummings 2, Dean 2, A. Way, J. Way. Bases on balls off Chase, 4. Struck out by Douglas, 7; by Chase, 7. Passed balls, Heustis, McCarthy. Time, 2 hrs, 15 min. Umpire, Wrenn.

W. H. S. 4; READING H. S. 3
At Wakefield, May 10th

WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Pearson 3b	4	0	1	3	1
Kalaher ss	4	1	2	3	0
Maguire 1b	4	2	9	0	1
Cummings lf	3	0	1	0	0
Marshall cf	4	1	1	0	0
Reid rf	2	1	0	0	2
Douglas p	3	1	1	1	0

Lee 2b	4	2	3	3	1
Hancock c	4	0	9	1	1
Bird rf	2	1	0	0	0
Totals	34	9	27	11	6

READING HIGH SCHOOL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Lang 2b	2	0	1	4	1
White ss	4	0	1	3	0
Quillen 3b	4	0	3	2	1
Gibbons 1b	4	2	12	0	1
Michilini c	4	1	4	0	0
Pheney rf	4	0	0	0	0
Killam p	4	0	0	4	0
Dillaway cf	4	0	1	0	0
Nowell lf	4	0	2	0	0
Totals	34	3	24	13	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Wakefield	0	0	0	0	0	1	3	0	x	4
Reading	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	3

Runs made by Kalaher 2, Douglas, Lee, Quillen, Gibbons, Killam. Two-base hit, Maguire. Three-base hit, Gibbons. Sacrifice hits, Killam 2, Pheney. Stolen bases, Kalaher 3, Maguire, Reid, Douglas 2, Lee, Bird, Lang, White, Quillen, Dillaway. Bases on balls off Douglas, 2; Killam, 2. Struck out by Douglas, 9; Killam, 1. Double plays, Kalaher to Lee to Maguire, Gibbons (unassisted). Time, 1 hr., 45 m. Umpire, Cullen.

MEDFORD H. S. vs. W. H. S.
At Medford, May 15th

MEDFORD HIGH SCHOOL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Donnellan lf	5	3	1	0	0
Prior rf	4	0	0	0	0
Sanford ss	5	3	0	1	0
Gillis c	4	2	11	3	0
Kelley 1b	4	2	8	0	0
Hulme cf	4	0	0	0	0
Furr 2b	5	0	2	1	0
McCabe 3b	4	1	0	1	0
Prest p	3	1	0	0	0
Conners p	1	1	0	0	1
Mathews p	0	0	1	1	1
Maxphemen c	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	39	13	27	9	2

WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Pearson 3b	3	0	1	3	3
Kalaher ss	4	1	3	0	2
Heustis c	3	1	6	2	0
Maguire 1b, cf	4	1	8	0	0
Cummings lf	4	2	1	0	1
Marshall cf	4	0	0	1	0
Surrette cf	3	1	0	0	0
Dean 1b	0	0	2	1	1
Lee 2b	4	0	3	3	1
Douglas p	3	0	0	2	0
Totals	33	6	24	12	8

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Medford	5	0	2	1	0	2	3	0	x	13
Wakefield	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	0	3

Runs made by Donnellan 2, Prior, Sanford 4, Gillis, Hulme, Furr 2, McCabe, Conners, Douglas, Kalaher, Heustis. Two-base hit, Donnellan. Three-base hit, Conners. Home run, Donnellan. Sacrifice hits, Prior, Gillis, Hulme, Maguire. Stolen bases, Sanford, Gillis 2, Hulme, Furr 2, Heustis, Maguire, Cummings. Bases on balls off Prest, 3; Connors, 1; Douglas, 2. Struck out by Prest, 11; Connors, 2; Mathews, 1; Douglas, 6. Double plays, Douglas to Pearson to Kalaher. Hit by pitched ball, Prior, Gillis. Time, 2 hrs., 15 min. Umpire, McDonald.

W. H. S. 7 — STONEHAM H. S. 2
At Wakefield, May 18
League Game

WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Pearson 3b	5	2	1	1	1
Maguire 1b	5	3	16	1	0
Heustis ss	4	0	3	3	0
Cummings lf	4	2	0	0	0
Surrette cf	4	2	0	0	0
Marshall rf	3	0	0	0	0
Lee 2b	4	0	1	2	1
Hancock c	4	0	6	2	0
Douglas p	3	1	0	4	0
Dean rf	1	0	0	0	0
Totals	37	10	27	13	2

STONEHAM HIGH SCHOOL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
J. Cogan ss	4	1	0	0	2
Young 1b	3	0	8	0	3
C. Quinlan 3b	4	0	2	1	0
White c	4	0	8	1	0
Jackson lf	4	2	2	0	0
H. Quinlan 2b	3	0	1	1	0
T. Cogan p	3	0	0	5	0
H. Craigie cf	3	0	2	0	0
Louis rf	3	0	1	0	0
Totals	31	3	24	8	5

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Wakefield	2	0	1	0	4	0	0	0	x	7
Stoneham	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2

Runs made by Pearson 2, Maguire 2, Heustis 2, Douglas, J. Cogan, Young. Two-base hits, Pearson, J. Cogan. Sacrifice hits, Marshall, Dean, C. Quinlan, T. Cogan. Stolen bases, Maguire 3, Heustis 2, Cummings, Jackson 2, Young 2, J. Cogan, T. Cogan. Base on balls off Douglas, Struck out by Douglas, 9; T. Cogan, 7. Passed balls, Douglas, White. Hit by pitched ball, Douglas, Young. Time, 1 hr., 35 min. Umpire, Willett.

W. H. S. vs. TUFTS
(Extension Course)
At Wakefield, May 21st

WAKEFIELD HIGH SCHOOL

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Pearson 3b	5	2	1	2	0
Maguire 1b	5	4	7	1	2
Heustis lf c	4	3	5	1	0
Cummings lf	4	2	3	0	0
Bird ss	5	2	0	0	0
Marshall cf	5	2	2	0	1
Lee 2b	4	1	6	2	0
Dean rf	3	1	0	0	0
Douglas p	4	2	0	2	0
Hancock c	2	0	3	0	0
Reid rf	2	0	0	0	0
Totals	43	19	27	8	3

TUFTS (EXTENSION COURSE)

	ab	bh	po	a	e
Nelson cf	4	0	1	0	0
Hopkins 3b	3	0	1	0	0
Blair ss	3	1	1	1	0
Malatesta 1b	4	1	9	0	1
Parker c	4	1	8	0	1
Bingham lf	1	1	1	0	0
Connelly 2b	1	2	3	3	1
Allcott rf	1	0	0	0	0
Davidson p	2	0	0	5	0
Totals	32	6	24	9	3

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Wakefield	5	0	0	6	0	0	0	2	x	13
Tufts	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	5

Runs made by Pearson, Maguire 2, Heustis 2, Marshall 2, Bird 2, Cummings 2, Lee, Douglas, Blair 2, Malatesta, Bingham 2. Three-base hit, Heustis. Sacrifice hit, Lee. Stolen bases, Maguire 3, Marshall 2, Blair 3, Bingham. Bases on balls off Douglas, 3; Davidson, 1. Struck out by Douglas, 8; Davidson, 5. Double play, Lee to Maguire. Passed balls, Heustis, Parker 2. Wild pitches, Davidson 2. Time 1 hr., 45 min. Umpire, Wrenn.

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